

• Riverside Literature Series •

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A MAINE WOODS HIGHWAY

The Riverside Literature Series

KATAHDIN AND CHESUNCOOK

BY

HENRY D. THOREAU

FROM

“THE MAINE WOODS”

ABRIDGED AND EDITED BY

CLIFTON JOHNSON



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION

THOREAU'S *The Maine Woods* is a forest classic — an idyl of the wilderness. It is a record of three journeys to the borders of civilization and beyond into almost pathless forests, seldom visited at that time except by loggers and a few hunters and Indians, and retaining nearly intact their primeval loneliness.

Perhaps no writer has ever lived who was better fitted than Thoreau to enjoy such a region and to transmit his enjoyment of it to others. For while he was a person of culture and refinement, with a college education, and had for an intimate friend so rare a man as Ralph Waldo Emerson, he was half wild in many of his tastes and impatient of the restraints and artificiality of the ordinary social life of the towns and cities. He liked especially the companionship of men who were in close contact with nature. To talk with some rude farmer or fisherman or hunter gave him real delight. Thus, in *The Maine Woods*, we find him lingering fondly over the characteristics and casual remarks of the loggers, explorers, and other pioneers; and most of all he seems to have been fascinated by the Indians, who still retained many of their aboriginal instincts and ways.

As the years pass, Thoreau's literary fame steadily increases. He was a careful and accurate observer, more at home in the fields and woods than in village and town, and having a gift of piquant originality in recording his impressions. The play of his imagination is keen and nimble; yet his fancy is so well balanced by his native common sense that it does not run away with him, and his genuineness and the truth of what he relates have never been questioned.

It is to be noted also that he was no hunter, that his inquisitiveness into the ways of the wild creatures carried with it no desire to shoot them, and that to his mind the killing of game for mere sport was akin to butchery. Indeed, the kindly

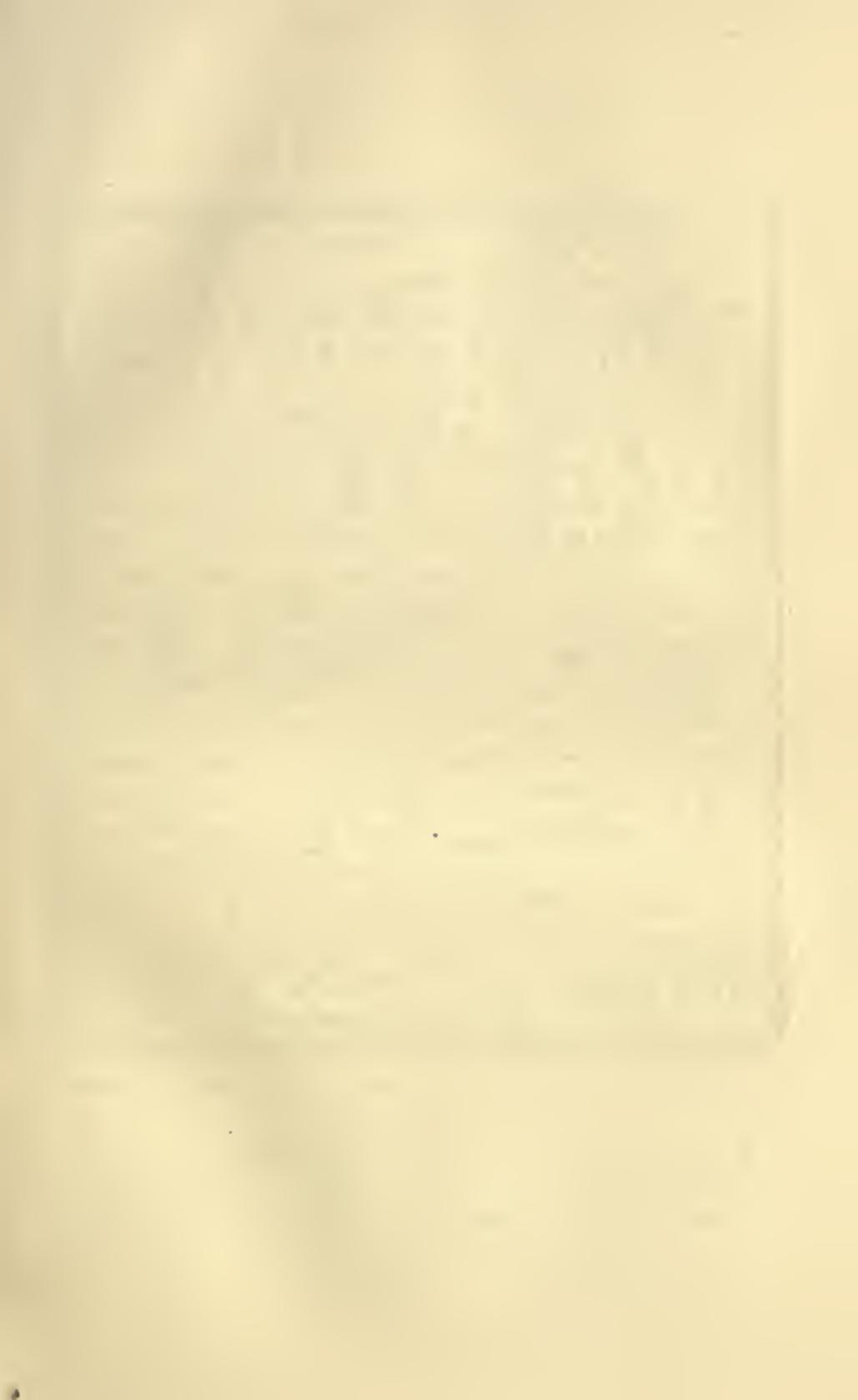
and sympathetic spirit constantly manifest in his pages is very attractive, and the fellowship one gains with him through his written words is to a young reader a distinct help in character-building.

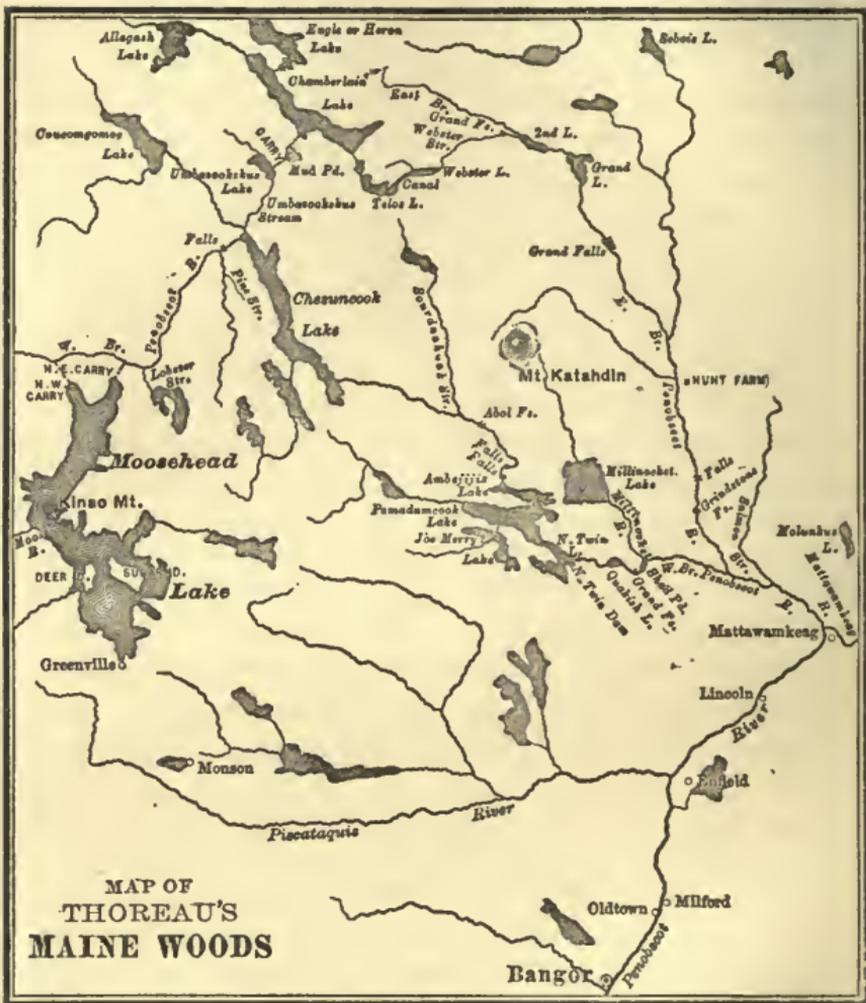
The Maine Woods was, of course, not written for young people, and in its complete form it contains much that would have but little interest for them; yet the charm of the subject, and the fact that Thoreau was himself in most ways simple and childlike in his enjoyment of nature, make a great deal of the book exceptionally attractive to youthful readers. The text as here presented omits the portions an average boy or girl would find difficult or dull, and the resulting narrative is both lively and informing. It covers two of Thoreau's three expeditions into the woods — one made in a logger's bateau with two experienced frontiersmen for guides; the second in a birch-bark canoe under the guidance of its Indian owner. The account is practically complete, for in cutting down the original book nothing really essential has been sacrificed. The omissions consist largely of meditations which have nothing to do with the main story, and of some of the multiplicity of details that Thoreau recorded. But while much has been eliminated, the text is still Thoreau's own, and is in no wise rewritten. Only at rare intervals has a minor word or two been supplied to make connections where portions have been omitted.

I think the student will find the narrative as it now stands clear and delightful, and that this presentation of experiences on the streams and lakes and in the forests of the primitive American wilderness will be perused not as a task, but as a pleasure. The author was one of the world's master writers in his chosen field, and in what he says he stimulates a love not only for nature, but for simple ways of living, and for all that is sincere and unaffected in human life wherever found.

CLIFTON JOHNSON.

HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.





MAP OF
THOREAU'S
MAINE WOODS

Bangor

KATAHDIN ¹

ON the 31st of August, 1846, I left Concord in Massachusetts for Bangor and the backwoods of Maine, intending to accompany a relative of mine engaged in the lumber trade, as far as a dam on the West Branch of the Penobscot.² From this place, which is about one hundred miles by the river above Bangor and five miles beyond the last log hut, I proposed to make excursions to Mount Katahdin,³ and to some of the lakes of the Penobscot. It is unusual to find a camp so far in the woods at that season, when lumbering operations have ceased, and I was glad to avail myself of the circumstance of a gang of men being employed there at that time in repairing the injuries caused by the great freshet in the spring. I was fortunate also in the season of the year, for in the summer myriads of black flies, mosquitoes, and midges, or, as the Indians call them, "no-see-ems," make traveling in the woods almost impossible; but now their reign was nearly over.

Tuesday, September 1, I started with my companion in a buggy from Bangor for "up river," expecting to be overtaken the next day night at Mattawamkeag⁴ Point, some sixty miles off, by two more Bangoreans, who had decided to join us in a trip to the mountain.

¹ Thoreau used the less familiar form "Ktaadn" for the name of the mountain and the title of this paper, a spelling which is supposed to represent the Indian pronunciation more accurately than that now more commonly in use. The word is an Indian one, of course, and, as Thoreau notes, is said to mean "highest land."

² Pê-nöb'sköt.

³ Ká-tah'dín.

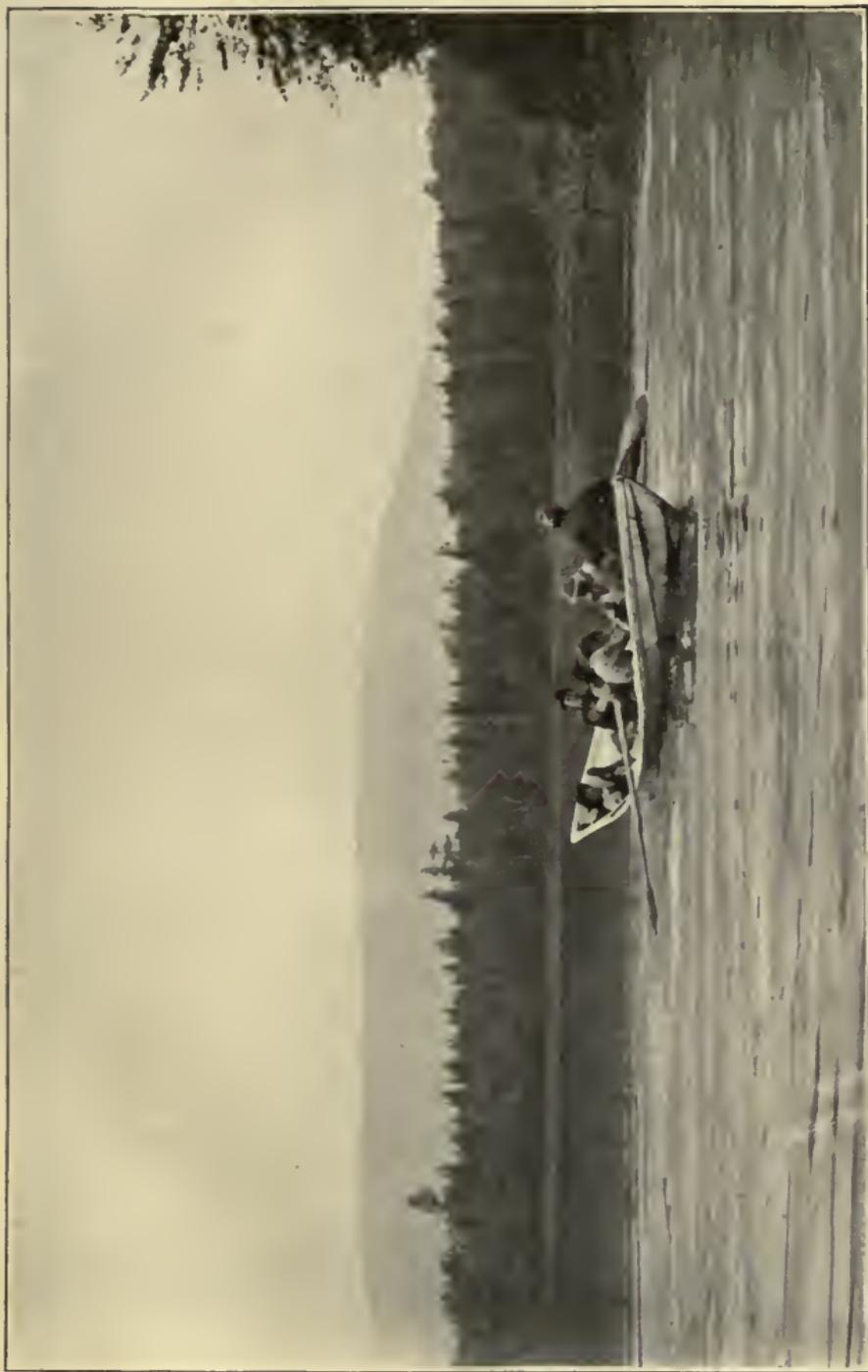
⁴ Măt-á-wăm'kēg.

Within a dozen miles of Bangor we passed through the village of Oldtown, at the falls of the Penobscot. These falls furnish the principal power by which the Maine woods are converted into lumber. Here is a close jam at all seasons; and then the once green tree becomes lumber. Here your inch, your two and your three inch stuff begin to be, and Mr. Sawyer marks off those spaces which decide the destiny of so many prostrate forests. Through this steel riddle is the arrowy Maine forest relentlessly sifted, till it comes out boards, clapboards, laths, and shingles. Think how stood the white-pine tree on the shore of Chesuncook,¹ its branches souging with the four winds, and every individual needle trembling in the sunlight — think how it stands with it now — sold, perchance, to the New England Friction-Match Company! There were in 1837, as I read, two hundred and fifty sawmills on the Penobscot and its tributaries above Bangor. To this is to be added the lumber of the Kennebec, Androscoggin, Passamaquoddy,² and other streams. No wonder that we hear so often of vessels which are becalmed off our coast, being surrounded a week at a time by floating lumber from the Maine woods. The mission of men there seems to be, like so many busy demons, to drive the forest all out of the country, from every solitary beaver-swamp and mountain-side, as soon as possible.

At Oldtown we walked into a bateau-manufactory. The making of bateaux is quite a business here. They are light and shapely vessels, from twenty to thirty feet long, and only four or four and a half wide, sharp at

¹ Ché-sūn'kōōk.

² Kén-é-bék', An-drò-skög'in, Päs-á-má-kwöd'í.



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A BATEAU

both ends, and reaching seven or eight feet over the water, in order that they may slip over rocks as gently as possible. They are made very slight, only two boards to a side, commonly secured to a few light maple or other hard-wood knees. The bottom is left perfectly flat. They told us that one wore out in two years, or often in a single trip.

The ferry here took us past the Indian island. As we left the shore, I observed a short, shabby-looking Indian, just from "up river," land on the Oldtown side, and, drawing up his canoe, take out a bundle of skins in one hand, and an empty keg in the other, and scramble up the bank with them. The island seemed deserted to-day, yet I observed some new houses among the weather-stained ones; but generally they have a very forlorn and cheerless look, being all back side and woodshed, not homesteads. The church is the only trim-looking building.

We landed in Milford, and rode along the east side of the Penobscot, having a more or less constant view of the river, and the Indian islands in it, for they retain all the islands as far up as the mouth of the East Branch. The river seemed shallow and rocky, and interrupted by rapids, rippling and gleaming in the sun. Everywhere we saw signs of the great freshet — this house standing awry, and that where it was not founded, and that other with a waterlogged look, as if it were still airing and drying its basement, and logs with everybody's marks upon them, and sometimes the marks of their having served as bridges, strewn along the road. At sundown, leaving the river road awhile, we went by way of Enfield, where we stopped for the night.

The next morning we drove along through a high and hilly country, and came into the Houlton ¹ road at Lincoln. Learning that there were several wigwams here, on one of the Indian islands, we left our horse and wagon and walked through the forest half a mile to the river, to procure a guide to the mountain. It was not till after considerable search that we discovered their habitations — small huts, in a retired place, where the scenery was unusually soft and beautiful, and the shore skirted with pleasant meadows and graceful elms. We paddled ourselves across to the island in a canoe which we found on the shore. Near where we landed sat an Indian girl, ten or twelve years old, on a rock, washing, and humming a song meanwhile. A salmon-spear, made wholly of wood, lay on the shore, such as they might have used before white men came. It had an elastic piece of wood fastened to one side of its point, which slipped over and closed upon the fish, somewhat like the contrivance for holding a bucket at the end of a well-pole. As we walked up to the nearest house, we were met by a sally of a dozen wolfish-looking dogs. The occupant soon appeared, with a long pole in his hand, with which he beat off the dogs while he parleyed with us — a stalwart, but dull and greasy-looking fellow, who told us that there *were* Indians going “up river” — he and one other. And who was the other? Louis Neptune, who lives in the next house. Well, let us go over and see Louis together. The same doggish reception, and Louis Neptune makes his appearance — a small, wiry man, with puckered and wrinkled face. The same questions were put to Louis, and the same information obtained,

¹ Hól't'n.

while the other Indian stood by. It appeared that they were going to start by noon, with two canoes, to go up to Chesuncook to hunt moose—to be gone a month. “Well, Louis, suppose you get to the Five Islands, just below Mattawamkeag, to camp, we walk on up the West Branch to-morrow—four of us—and wait for you at the dam, or this side. You overtake us to-morrow or next day, and take us into your canoes. We pay you for your trouble.” “Ye’,” replied Louis; “maybe you carry some provision for all—some pork—some bread—and so pay.” These men were slightly clad in shirt and pantaloons. They did not invite us into their houses, but met us outside. We left the Indians, thinking ourselves lucky to have secured such guides and companions.

There were very few houses along the road, yet they did not altogether fail. There were even the germs of one or two villages just beginning to expand. The beauty of the road itself was remarkable. The various evergreens—delicate and beautiful specimens of the larch, arbor-vitæ, ball spruce, and fir-balsam, from a few inches to many feet in height—lined its sides; while it was but a step on either hand to the grim, untrodden wilderness, whose tangled labyrinth of living, fallen, and decaying trees only the deer and moose, the bear and wolf, can easily penetrate.

About noon we reached the Mattawamkeag, and put up at a house where the Houlton stage stops. After dinner we strolled down to the “Point,” formed by the junction of the two rivers, which is said to be the scene of an ancient battle between the Eastern Indians and the Mohawks, and searched there carefully for relics, but we found only some flakes of arrowhead stone,

some points of arrowheads, one small leaden bullet, and some colored beads, the last to be referred, perhaps, to early fur-trader days. The Mattawamkeag, though wide, was a mere river's bed, full of rocks and shallows at this time, so that you could cross it almost dry-shod in boots.

Before our companions arrived, we rode on up the Houlton road seven miles to Molunkus,¹ where the Aroostook² road comes into it, and where there is a spacious public house in the woods. There was no other evidence of man but this huge shingle palace in this part of the world; but sometimes even this is filled with travelers. I looked off the piazza round the corner of the house up the Aroostook road, on which there was no clearing in sight. There was a man just adventuring upon it this evening in a rude, original wagon — a mere seat with a wagon swung under it. Here, too, was a small trader who kept a store in a box over the way, behind the Molunkus sign-post. I saw him standing in his shop door. His shop was so small, that, if a traveler should make demonstrations of entering, *he* would have to go out by the back way and confer with his customer through a window about his goods.

I think that there was not more than one house on the road to Molunkus. At that place we got over the fence into a new field, planted with potatoes, where the logs were still burning between the hills; and, pulling up the vines, found good-sized potatoes, nearly ripe. The mode of clearing and planting is, to fell the trees, and burn once what will burn, then cut them up into suitable lengths, roll into heaps, and burn again; then, with a hoe, plant potatoes where you can come at

¹ Mò-lūnk'ūs.

² A-rōos'tōök.

the ground between the stumps and charred logs. For a first crop the ashes suffice for manure, and no hoeing is necessary the first year. In the fall cut, roll, and burn again, and so on, till the land is cleared; and soon it is ready for grain. Let those talk of poverty and hard times who will in the towns and cities; cannot the emigrant who can pay his fare to New York or Boston pay five dollars more to get here, and be as rich as he pleases, where land virtually costs nothing, and houses only the labor of building, and he may begin life as Adam did?

We returned to the Mattawamkeag, where shortly afterward our companions arrived.

Early the next morning we had mounted our packs, and prepared for a tramp up the West Branch, my companion having turned his horse out to pasture, thinking that a bite of fresh grass and a taste of running water would do him as much good as backwoods fare and new country influences his master. Leaping over a fence, we began to follow an obscure trail up the northern bank of the Penobscot. There was now no road further, the river being the only highway, and but half a dozen log huts to be met with for thirty miles. On either hand, and beyond, was a wholly uninhabited wilderness, stretching to Canada. Neither horse nor cow, nor vehicle of any kind, had ever passed over this ground; the cattle, and the few bulky articles which the loggers use, being got up in the winter on the ice, and down again before it breaks up. The evergreen woods had a decidedly sweet and bracing fragrance; the air was a sort of diet-drink, and we walked on buoyantly in Indian file, stretching our legs. Occasionally there was a small opening on the bank, made

for the purpose of log-rolling, where we got a sight of the river — always a rocky and rippling stream. The roar of the rapids, the note of a whistler duck on the river, of the jay and chickadee around us, and of the pigeon woodpecker in the openings, were the sounds that we heard. This was what you might call a brand-new country; the only roads were of Nature's making, and the few houses were camps.

There are three classes of inhabitants who either frequent or inhabit the country which we had now entered: first, the loggers, who for the winter and spring are far the most numerous, but in the summer, except a few explorers for timber, completely desert it; second, the few settlers I have named, the only permanent inhabitants, who live on the verge of it, and help raise supplies for the former; third, the hunters, mostly Indians, who range over it in their season.

We crossed one tract, on the bank of the river, of more than a hundred acres of heavy timber, which had just been felled and burnt over, and was still smoking. Our trail lay through the midst of it, and was well-nigh blotted out. The trees lay at full length, four or five feet deep, and crossing each other in all directions, black as charcoal, but perfectly sound within, still good for fuel or for timber. Soon they would be cut into lengths and burnt again. Here were thousands of cords, enough to keep the poor of Boston and New York amply warm for a winter, which only cumbered the ground and were in the settler's way. And the whole of that solid and interminable forest is doomed to be gradually devoured thus by fire and no man be warmed by it. At Crocker's log hut, at the mouth of Salmon River, seven miles from the Point, one of the

party commenced distributing a store of small cent picture-books among the children to teach them to read, and also newspapers, more or less recent, among the parents, than which nothing can be more acceptable to a backwoods people. I walked through Salmon River with my shoes on, it being low water, but not without wetting my feet. A few miles farther we came to 'Marm Howard's,' at the end of an extensive clearing, where there were two or three log huts in sight at once.

The next house was Fisk's, ten miles from the Point at the mouth of the East Branch. Our course here crossed the Penobscot. One of the party, who entered the house in search of some one to set us over, reported a very neat dwelling, with plenty of books, and a new wife, just imported from Boston. Having with some difficulty discovered the trail again, we kept up the south side of the West Branch, or main river, passing by some rapids, the roar of which we heard through the woods, and, shortly after, some empty loggers' camps. Though we saw a few more afterward, I will make one account serve for all. These were such houses as the lumberers of Maine spend the winter in. There were the camps and the hovels for the cattle, hardly distinguishable, except that the latter had no chimney. These camps were about twenty feet long by fifteen wide, built of logs, — hemlock, cedar, spruce, or yellow birch — one kind alone, or all together, with the bark on; two or three large ones first, one directly above another, and notched together at the ends, to the height of three or four feet, then of smaller logs resting upon transverse ones at the ends, each of the last successively shorter than the other, to

form the roof. The chimney was an oblong hole in the middle, three or four feet in diameter, with a fence of logs as high as the ridge. The interstices were filled with moss, and the roof was shingled with long splints of cedar, or spruce, or pine, rifted with a sledge and cleaver. The fireplace was in shape like the chimney, and directly under it, defined by a log fender on the ground and a heap of ashes, with solid benches of split logs running round it. Here the fire usually melts the snow and dries the rain before it can descend to quench it. The faded beds of arbor-vitæ leaves extended under the eaves on either hand. There was the place for the water-pail, pork-barrel, and wash-basin, and generally a dingy pack of cards left on a log. These houses are made comfortable by huge fires. Usually the scenery about them is drear and savage; and the logger's camp is as completely in the woods as a fungus at the foot of a pine in a swamp; no outlook but to the sky overhead; no more clearing than is made by cutting down the trees of which it is built, and those which are necessary for fuel. If only it be well sheltered and convenient to his work, and near a spring, he wastes no thought on the prospect. They are very proper forest houses, the stems of the trees collected together and piled up around a man to keep out wind and rain — made of living green logs, hanging with moss and lichen, and with the curls and fringes of the yellow birch bark, and dripping with resin, fresh and moist, and redolent of swampy odors, with that sort of vigor and perennialness about them that toadstools suggest. The logger's fare consists of tea, molasses, flour, pork (sometimes beef), and beans. A great proportion of the beans raised in Massachusetts find their market

here. On expeditions it is only hard-bread and pork, often raw, slice on slice, with tea or water, as the case may be.

The primitive wood is always and everywhere damp and mossy, so that I traveled constantly with the impression that I was in a swamp; and only when it was remarked that this or that tract, judging from the quality of the timber on it, would make a profitable clearing, was I reminded, that if the sun were let in it would make a dry field. The woods hereabouts abounded in beech and yellow birch, spruce, cedar, fir, and hemlock; but we saw only the stumps of the white pine, some of them of great size, these having been already culled out. Only a little spruce and hemlock had been logged. The Eastern wood which is sold for fuel in Massachusetts all comes from below Bangor. It was the pine alone that had tempted any but the hunter to precede us on this route.

Eighteen miles from the Point brought us in sight of McCauslin's, or "Uncle George's," as he was familiarly called by my companions, to whom he was well known, where we intended to break our long fast. His house was in the midst of an extensive clearing on the opposite bank of the Penobscot. So we collected on a point of the shore, that we might be seen, and fired our gun as a signal, which brought out his dogs forthwith, and thereafter their master, who in due time took us across in his bateau. This clearing was bounded abruptly, on all sides but the river, by the naked stems of the forest, as if you were to cut only a few feet square in the midst of a thousand acres of mowing, and set down a thimble therein. He had a whole heaven and horizon to himself, and the sun seemed to be journey-

ing over his clearing only the livelong day. Here we concluded to wait for the Indians.

McCauslin had been a waterman twenty-two years, and had driven on the lakes and headwaters of the Penobscot five or six springs in succession, but was now settled here to raise supplies for the lumberers and for himself. He entertained us a day or two with true Scotch hospitality, and would accept no recompense for it, — a man of a dry wit and shrewdness, and a general intelligence which I had not looked for in the backwoods. In fact, the deeper you penetrate into the woods, the more intelligent, and, in one sense, less countrified do you find the inhabitants; for always the pioneer has been a traveler, and, to some extent, a man of the world; and, as the distances with which he is familiar are greater, so is his information more general and far reaching than the villager's. If I were to look for a narrow, uninformed, and countrified mind, as opposed to the intelligence and refinement which are thought to emanate from cities, it would be among the rusty inhabitants of an old-settled country, on farms all run out and gone to seed with life-everlasting, in the towns about Boston, and not in the backwoods of Maine.

Supper was got before our eyes in the ample kitchen, by a fire which would have roasted an ox. Many whole logs, four feet long, were consumed to boil our tea-kettle — birch, or beech, or maple; and the dishes were soon smoking on the table, late the armchair, against the wall, from which one of the party was expelled. The arms of the chair formed the frame on which the table rested; and when the round top was turned up against the wall, it formed the back of the

chair and was no more in the way than the wall itself. This, we noticed, was the prevailing fashion in these log houses, in order to economize in room. There were piping-hot wheaten cakes, the flour having been brought up the river in bateaux, and ham, eggs, and potatoes, and milk and cheese, the produce of the farm; and also shad and salmon, tea sweetened with molasses, and sweet cakes, in contradistinction to the hot cakes not sweetened, the one white, the other yellow, to wind up with. Such we found was the prevailing fare, along this river. Mountain cranberries, stewed and sweetened, were the common dessert. Everything here was in profusion, and the best of its kind. Butter was in such plenty that it was commonly used, before it was salted, to grease boots with.

In the night we were entertained by the sound of raindrops on the cedar splints which covered the roof, and awaked the next morning with a drop or two in our eyes. It rained and drizzled and gleamed by turns, the livelong day. What we did there would perhaps be idle to tell; how many times we buttered our boots, and how often a drowsy one was seen to sidle off to the bedroom. When it held up, I strolled up and down the bank, and gathered the harebell and cedar berries; or else we tried by turns the long-handled axe on the logs before the door. One while we walked over the farm and visited his well-filled barns with McCauslin. There were one other man and two women only here. He kept horses, cows, oxen, and sheep. The potato-rot had found him out the previous year and got half or two thirds of his crop. Oats, grass, and potatoes were his staples; but he raised, also, a few carrots and turnips, and "a little corn for

the hens," for this was all that he dared risk, for fear that it would not ripen. Melons, squashes, sweet corn, beans, tomatoes, and many other vegetables could not be ripened there.

The few settlers along this stream were obviously tempted by the cheapness of the land mainly. When I asked McCauslin why more settlers did not come in, he answered that one reason was they could not buy the land, it belonged to individuals or companies who were afraid that their wild lands would be settled, and so incorporated into towns, and they be taxed for them; but to settling on the State's land there was no such hindrance. For his own part, he wanted no neighbors — he did n't wish to see any road by his house. Neighbors, even the best, were a trouble and expense, especially on the score of cattle and fences. They might live across the river, perhaps, but not on the same side.

The chickens here were protected by the dogs. As McCauslin said, "The old one took it up first, and she taught the pup, and now they had got it into their heads that it would n't do to have anything of the bird kind on the premises." A hawk hovering over was not allowed to alight, but barked off by the dogs circling about underneath; and a pigeon, or a "yellow-hammer," as they called the pigeon woodpecker, on a dead limb or stump, was instantly expelled. It was the main business of their day, and kept them constantly coming and going. One would rush out of the house on the least alarm given by the other.

The house, which was a fair specimen of those on this river, was built of huge logs, which peeped out everywhere, and were chinked with clay and moss.

It contained four or five rooms. There were no sawed boards, or shingles, or clapboards about it; and scarcely any tool but the axe had been used in its construction. The partitions were made of long clapboard-like splints, of spruce or cedar, turned to a delicate salmon-color by the smoke. The roof and sides were covered with the same, instead of shingles and clapboards, and some of a much thicker and larger size were used for the floor. These were all so straight and smooth that they answered the purpose admirably, and a careless observer would not have suspected that they were not sawed and planed. The chimney and hearth were of vast size, and made of stone. The broom was a few twigs of arbor-vitæ tied to a stick; and a pole was suspended over the hearth, close to the ceiling, to dry stockings and clothes on. I noticed that the floor was full of small, dingy holes, as if made with a gimlet, but which were, in fact, made by the spikes, nearly an inch long, which the lumberers wear in their boots to prevent their slipping on wet logs. Just above McCauslin's, there is a rocky rapid, where logs jam in the spring; and many "drivers" are there collected, who frequent his house for supplies. These were their tracks which I saw.

The next morning, the weather proving fair enough for our purpose, we prepared to start, and, the Indians having failed us, persuaded McCauslin to accompany us in their stead, intending to engage one other boatman on the way. A strip of cotton cloth for a tent, a couple of blankets, which would suffice for the whole party, fifteen pounds of hard bread, ten pounds of pork, and a little tea, made up "Uncle George's" pack. The last three articles were calculated to be provision

enough for six men for a week, with what we might pick up. A tea-kettle, a frying-pan, and an axe, to be obtained at the last house, would complete our outfit.

We were soon out of McCauslin's clearing and in the evergreen woods again. The obscure trail made by the two settlers above, which even the woodman is sometimes puzzled to discern, ere long crossed a narrow open strip in the woods overrun with weeds, where a fire had raged formerly. At the end of three miles we reached Shad Pond. Thomas Fowler's house is four miles from McCauslin's, on the shore of the pond, at the mouth of the Millinocket¹ River. Fowler was just completing a new log hut, and was sawing out a window through the logs when we arrived. He had begun to paper his house with spruce bark turned inside out. As we stood on the pile of chips by the door, fish hawks were sailing overhead. Tom pointed away over the lake to a bald eagle's nest, which was plainly visible more than a mile off, on a pine, high above the surrounding forest, and was frequented from year to year by the same pair. There were these two houses only there, his low hut and the eagle's airy cartload of fagots.

Thomas Fowler was persuaded to join us, for two men were necessary to manage the bateau, which was to be our carriage. Tom's pack was soon made, for he had not far to look for his waterman's boots and a red flannel shirt. Red is the favorite color with lumbermen; and red flannel is reputed to possess some mysterious virtues, to be most healthful and convenient in respect to perspiration. In every gang there will be a large proportion of red birds. We took here a poor

¹ Mil-ĩ-nők'ět.

and leaky bateau, and began to pole up the Millinocket two miles to the elder Fowler's, in order to avoid the Grand Falls of the Penobscot, intending to exchange our bateau there for a better. The Millinocket is a small, shallow, and sandy stream, full of what I took to be lamprey eels' or suckers' nests, and lined with musquash¹ cabins, but free from rapids, according to Fowler, excepting at its outlet from the lake. He was at this time engaged in cutting the native grass — rush-grass and meadow-clover, as he called it — on the meadows and small, low islands of this stream. We noticed flattened places in the grass on either side, where, he said, a moose had laid down the night before.

Old Fowler's is the last house. Here our new bateau was to be carried over the first portage of two miles round the Grand Falls, on a horse-sled made of saplings to jump the numerous rocks in the way; but we had to wait a couple of hours for them to catch the horses, which were pastured at a distance amid the stumps, and had wandered still farther off. The last of the salmon for this season had just been caught, and were still fresh in pickle, from which enough was extracted to fill our empty kettle. The week before, they had lost nine sheep here by the wolves. The surviving sheep came round the house, and seemed frightened, which induced them to go and look for the rest, when they found seven dead and two still alive. These last they carried to the house, and, as Mrs. Fowler said, they were merely scratched in the throat and had no more visible wound than would be produced by the prick of a pin. She sheared off the wool from their throats, and washed them, and put on some salve, and

¹ The Indian name for the muskrat.

turned them out, but in a few moments they were missing and had not been found since. In fact, they were all poisoned, and those that were found swelled up at once, so that they saved neither skin nor wool.

At length, after we had dined, the horses arrived, and we hauled our bateau out of the water and lashed it to its wicker carriage, and, throwing in our packs, walked on before, leaving the boatmen and driver, who was Tom's brother, to manage the concern. The route, which led through the wild pasture where the sheep were killed, was in some places the roughest ever traveled by horses, over rocky hills where the sled bounced and slid along like a vessel pitching in a storm; and one man was necessary to stand at the stern, to prevent the boat from being wrecked. When the runners struck a rock three or four feet high, the sled bounced back and upwards at the same time; but, as the horses never ceased pulling, it came down on the top of the rock, and so we got over. This portage probably followed the trail of an ancient Indian carry round these falls. By two o'clock we, who had walked on before, reached the river above the falls, and waited for the bateau. We had been here but a short time when a thunder-shower was seen coming up from the west, and soon the heavy drops began to patter on the leaves around us. I had just selected the prostrate trunk of a huge pine, five or six feet in diameter, and was crawling under it, when, luckily, the boat arrived. It would have amused a sheltered man to witness the manner in which it was unlashd and whirled over, while the first waterspout burst on us. It was no sooner adjusted than we might have been seen all stooping to its shelter and wriggling under like so many cels. When all were

under we propped up the lee side, and busied ourselves whittling thole-pins for rowing; and made the woods ring, between the claps of thunder, with such boat-songs as we could remember. The horses stood sleek and shining with the rain, drooping and crestfallen, while deluge after deluge washed over us; but the bottom of a boat may be relied on for a tight roof. After two hours' delay, a streak of fair weather appeared in the northwest, promising a serene evening for our voyage; and the driver returned with his horses, while we made haste to launch our boat, and commence our voyage in good earnest.

There were six of us, including the two boatmen. With our packs heaped up near the bows, and ourselves disposed as baggage to trim the boat, with instructions not to move in case we should strike a rock, we pushed out into the first rapid. With Uncle George in the stern and Tom in the bow, each using a spruce pole about twelve feet long, pointed with iron, and poling on the same side, we shot up the rapids, the water rushing and roaring around, so that only a practiced eye could distinguish a safe course, or tell what was deep water and what rocks, frequently grazing the latter, with a hundred narrow escapes. I, who had had some experience in boating, had never experienced any half so exhilarating before. We were lucky to have exchanged our Indians for these men, who, together with Tom's brother, were reputed the best boatmen on the river, and were at once indispensable pilots and pleasant companions. The canoe is smaller, more easily upset, and sooner worn out; and the Indian is said not to be so skillful in the management of the bateau. He is, for the most part, less to be relied on,

and more disposed to sulks and whims. The utmost familiarity with dead streams, or with the ocean, would not prepare a man for this peculiar navigation; and the most skillful boatman anywhere else would here be obliged to take out his boat and carry round a hundred times, still with great risk, as well as delay, where the practiced bateau-man poles up with comparative ease and safety. The hardy "voyageur" pushes with incredible perseverance and success quite up to the foot of the falls, and then only carries round some perpendicular ledge, and launches again to struggle with the boiling rapids above. The Indians say that the river once ran both ways, one half up and the other down, but that, since the white man came, it all runs down, and now they must laboriously pole their canoes against the stream, and carry them over numerous portages. In the summer, all stores — the grindstone and the plow of the pioneer, flour, pork, and utensils for the explorer — must be conveyed up the river in bateaux; and many a cargo and many a boatman is lost in these waters. In the winter, however, which is very equable and long, the ice is the great highway, and the logger's team penetrates even two hundred miles above Bangor. Imagine the solitary sled-track running far up into the snowy and evergreen wilderness, hemmed in closely for a hundred miles by the forest, and again stretching straight across the broad surfaces of concealed lakes!

We were soon in the smooth water of the Quakish¹ Lake, and took our turns at rowing and paddling across. It is a small, irregular, but handsome lake, shut in on all sides by the forest, and showing no traces

¹ Kwā'kish.



KATAHDIN FROM AMBEJIJIS LAKE

of man but some low boom in a distant cove, reserved for spring use. The spruce and cedar on its shores, hung with gray lichens, looked at a distance like the ghosts of trees. Ducks were sailing here and there on its surface, and a solitary loon laughed and frolicked for our amusement. Joe Merry Mountain appeared in the northwest, and we had our first view of Katahdin, its summit veiled in clouds, like a dark isthmus connecting the heavens with the earth. After two miles of smooth rowing, we found ourselves in the river again, which was a continuous rapid for one mile, to the dam, requiring all the strength and skill of our boatmen to pole up it.

This dam is a quite important and expensive work for this country, raising the whole river ten feet, and flooding some sixty square miles by means of the innumerable lakes with which the river connects. It is a lofty and solid structure, with sloping piers, some distance above, made of frames of logs filled with stones, to break the ice.

We filed into the rude loggers' camp at this place, without ceremony, and the cook, at that moment the sole occupant, at once set about preparing tea for his visitors. His fireplace, which the rain had converted into a mud-puddle, was soon blazing, and we sat down on the log benches around it to dry us. On the well-flattened and somewhat faded beds of arbor-vitæ leaves, which stretched on either hand under the eaves behind us, lay an odd leaf of the Bible, and we found Emerson's Address on West India Emancipation, also an odd number of the *Westminster Review* and a pamphlet entitled "History of the Erection of the Monument on the Grave of Myron Holly." This was

the reading-matter in a lumberers' camp in the Maine woods, thirty miles from a road, which would be given up to the bears in a fortnight. These things were well thumbed and soiled. This gang was necessarily composed of men not bred to the business of dam-building, but who were jacks-at-all-trades, handy with the axe and other simple implements, and well skilled in wood and water craft. We had hot cakes for our supper even here, white as snowballs, but without butter, and the never-failing sweet cakes, with which we filled our pockets, foreseeing that we should not soon meet with the like again. Such delicate puffballs seemed a singular diet for backwoodsmen. There was also tea without milk, sweetened with molasses. When we had returned to the shore, we made haste to improve the little daylight that remained. This camp was the last human habitation of any kind in this direction. Beyond there was no trail; and the river and lakes, by bateaus and canoes, was considered the only practicable route. We were about thirty miles by the river from the summit of Katahdin, though not more than twenty, perhaps, in a straight line.

It being about the full of the moon, and a warm and pleasant evening, we decided to row by moonlight to the head of the North Twin Lake, lest the wind should rise on the morrow. After one mile of river, or what the boatmen call "thoroughfare," we entered the lake just after sundown. This is a noble sheet of water. There was the smoke of no log hut nor camp of any kind to greet us, still less was any traveler watching our bateau from the distant hills. Not even the Indian hunter was there, for he hugs the river like ourselves. No face welcomed us but the fine fantastic sprays of

free and happy evergreen trees, waving one above another in their ancient home. At first the red clouds hung over the western shore as gorgeously as if over a city, and the lake lay open to the light with even a civilized aspect, as if expecting trade and commerce, and towns and villas. The shores rose gently to ranges of low hills covered with forests; and though the most valuable white pine timber had been culled out, this would never have been suspected by the voyager.

We were on a high table-land between the States and Canada, the northern side of which is drained by the St. John and Chaudière,¹ the southern by the Penobscot and Kennebec. There was no bold, mountainous shore, but only isolated hills and mountains. The country is an archipelago of lakes. Their levels vary but a few feet, and the boatmen by short portages, or by none at all, pass easily from one to another. They say that at very high water the Penobscot and the Kennebec flow into each other, or at any rate, that you may lie with your face in the one and your toes in the other.

None of our party but McCauslin had been above this lake, so we trusted to him to pilot us, and we could not but confess the importance of a pilot on these waters. While it is river, you will not easily forget which way is up-stream, but when you enter a lake, the river is completely lost, and you scan the distant shores in vain to find where it comes in. A stranger is, for the time at least, lost, and must set about a voyage of discovery to find the river. To follow the windings of the shore when the lake is ten miles, or even more, in length, and of an irregularity which will not soon be

¹ Shō'dyâr'.

mapped, is a wearisome voyage, and will spend his time and his provisions. They tell a story of a gang of experienced woodmen sent to a location on this stream, who were thus lost in the wilderness of lakes. They cut their way through thickets, and carried their baggage and their boats over from lake to lake, sometimes several miles. They carried into Millinocket Lake, which is on another stream, and is ten miles square, and contains a hundred islands. They explored its shores thoroughly, and then carried into another, and another, and it was a week of toil and anxiety before they found the Penobscot River again, and then their provisions were exhausted, and they were obliged to return.

While Uncle George steered for a small island near the head of the lake, we rowed by turns swiftly over its surface. The shores seemed at an indefinite distance in the moonlight. Occasionally we rested on our oars, while we listened to hear if the wolves howled, for this is a common serenade, and my companions affirmed that it was the most dismal and unearthly of sounds, but we heard none this time. Only some utterly uncivilized, big-throated owl hooted loud and dismally in the drear and boughy wilderness, plainly not nervous about his solitary life, nor afraid to hear the echoes of his voice there.

About nine o'clock we reached the river, and ran our boat into a natural haven between some rocks, and drew her out on the sand. This camping-ground McCauslin had been familiar with in his lumbering days, and we heard the sound of the rill which would supply us with cool water emptying into the lake. The first business was to make a fire, an operation which was a

little delayed by the wetness of the fuel and the ground, owing to the heavy showers of the afternoon. The fire is the main comfort of the camp, whether in summer or winter, and is about as ample at one season as at another. It is as well for cheerfulness as for warmth and dryness. Some were dispersed to fetch in dead trees and boughs, while Uncle George felled the birches and beeches which stood convenient, and soon we had a fire some ten feet long by three or four high, which rapidly dried the sand before it. This was calculated to burn all night. We next proceeded to pitch our tent; which operation was performed by sticking our two spike-poles into the ground in a slanting direction, about ten feet apart, for rafters, and then drawing our cotton cloth over them and tying it down at the ends, leaving it open in front, shed-fashion. But this evening the wind carried the sparks on to the tent. So we hastily drew up the bateau just within the edge of the woods before the fire, and propping up one side three or four feet high, spread the tent on the ground to lie on; and with the corner of a blanket, or what we could get to put over us, lay down with our heads and bodies under the boat, and our feet and legs on the sand toward the fire.

At first we lay awake, talking of our course. But at length we composed ourselves seriously to sleep. It was interesting when awakened at midnight to watch the motions of some one of the party, who had got up to arouse the fire and add fresh fuel; now lugging a dead tree from out the dark, and heaving it on, now stirring up the embers, or tiptoeing about to observe the stars. Thus aroused, I too brought fresh fuel to the fire, and then rambled along the sandy shore

in the moonlight. The little rill tinkled and peopled all the wilderness for me; and the glassy smoothness of the sleeping lake, laving the shores, with the dark, fantastic rocks rising here and there from its surface, made a scene not easily described. Later, we were one after another awakened by rain falling on our extremities; and as each was made aware of the fact by cold or wet, he drew up his legs, until gradually we had all sidled round so that our bodies were wholly protected. When next we awoke, the moon and stars were shining again, and there were signs of dawn in the east.

We had soon launched and loaded our boat, and, leaving our fire blazing, were off again before breakfast. The lumberers rarely trouble themselves to put out their fires, such is the dampness of the primitive forest; and this is one cause, no doubt, of the frequent fires in Maine. The forests are held cheap after the white pine has been culled out; and the explorers and hunters pray for rain only to clear the atmosphere of smoke. The woods were so wet to-day, however, that there was no danger of our fire spreading. After poling up half a mile of river, we rowed across the foot of Pamadumcook¹ Lake, and passed into Deep Cove, a part of the same lake, and, rowing across this, by another short thoroughfare entered Ambejijis² Lake.

At the entrance to a lake we sometimes observed the unhewn timbers of which booms are formed, either secured together in the water, or laid up on the rocks and lashed to trees, for spring use. It was easy to see that driving logs must be an exciting as well as arduous and dangerous business. All winter long the logger goes on piling up the trees which he has trimmed and

¹ Pām-á-düm'kōök.

² Am-bè-jě'jis.



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WINTER LOGGING



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RIVER-DRIVERS AT WORK

hauled in some dry ravine at the head of a stream, and then in the spring he stands on the bank and whistles for Rain and Thaw, ready to wring the perspiration out of his shirt to swell the tide, till suddenly, with a whoop and halloo from him, a fair proportion of his winter's work goes scrambling down the country, followed by his faithful dogs, Thaw and Rain and Freshet and Wind, the whole pack in full cry, toward the mills. Every log is marked with the owner's name, cut with an axe or bored with an auger, so deep as not to be worn off in the driving, and yet not so as to injure the timber; and it requires considerable ingenuity to invent new and simple marks where there are so many owners. When the logs have run the gauntlet of innumerable rapids and falls, with more or less jamming and bruising, those bearing various owners' marks being mixed up together, — since all must take advantage of the same freshet, — they are collected at the heads of the lakes and surrounded by a boom to prevent their being dispersed by the wind. Then they are towed across the lake by a windlass, and, if circumstances permit, with the aid of sails and oars. Sometimes, notwithstanding, the logs are dispersed over many miles of lake surface in a few hours by winds and freshets, and thrown up on distant shores, where the driver can pick up only one or two at a time and return with them to the thoroughfare; and before he gets his flock well through Ambejijis or Pamadumcook, he makes many a wet and uncomfortable camp on the shore. He must be able to navigate a log as if it were a canoe, and be as indifferent to cold and wet as a muskrat. He uses few tools — a lever commonly of rock maple, six or seven feet long with a stout spike in it,

and a long spike-pole with a screw at the end of the spike to make it hold. The boys along shore learn to walk on floating logs as city boys on sidewalks. Sometimes the logs are thrown up on rocks in such positions as to be irrecoverable but by another freshet as high, or they jam together at rapids and falls, and accumulate in vast piles, which the driver must start at the risk of his life. Such is the lumber business, which depends on many accidents, as the early freezing of the rivers that the teams may get up in season, a sufficient freshet in the spring to fetch the logs down, and many others.

Ambejjis struck me as the most beautiful lake we had seen. We rowed to near the head of it, and pushing through a field of lily-pads, landed, to cook our breakfast, by the side of a large rock. Our breakfast consisted of tea, with hard-bread and pork, and fried salmon, which we ate with forks whittled from alder-twigs off strips of birch-bark for plates. The tea was without milk to color or sugar to sweeten it, and two tin dippers were our teacups. This beverage is as indispensable to the loggers as to any gossiping old women in the land, and they no doubt derive great comfort from it.

In the next nine miles, we rowed across several small lakes, poled up numerous rapids and thoroughfares, and carried over four portages.

At the portage around Ambejjis Falls I observed a pork-barrel on the shore, with a hole eight or nine inches square cut in one side. The barrel was set against an upright rock, but the bears, without turning or upsetting it, had gnawed a hole in the opposite side, which looked exactly like an enormous rat-hole, big

enough to put their heads in; and at the bottom of the barrel were still left a few mangled and slabbered slices of pork. It is usual for the lumberers to leave such supplies as they cannot conveniently carry along at carries or camps, to which the next comers do not scruple to help themselves. At this portage there was the roughest path imaginable cut through the woods; at first up hill, at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, over rocks and logs without end. We first carried over our baggage, then returning to the bateau, we dragged it up the hill by the painter, and onward, with frequent pauses, over half the portage. But this was a bungling way, and would soon have worn out the boat. Commonly, three men walk over with a bateau weighing from three to five or six hundred pounds on their heads and shoulders, the tallest standing under the middle of the boat, which is turned over, and one at each end. More cannot well take hold at once. This requires some practice, as well as strength, and is in any case extremely laborious. We were, on the whole, rather an invalid party, and could render our boatmen but little assistance. Our two men at length took the bateau upon their shoulders, and while two of us steadied it, to prevent it from rocking and wearing into their shoulders, on which they placed their hats folded, walked bravely over the remaining distance, with two or three pauses. In the same manner they accomplished the other portages. With this crushing weight they must climb and stumble along over fallen trees and slippery rocks of all sizes, where those who walked by the sides were continually brushed off, such was the narrowness of the path. But we were fortunate not to have to cut our path in the first place. Before we launched our boat,

we scraped the bottom smooth with our knives, where it had rubbed on the rocks, to save friction.

To avoid the difficulties of the portage, our men determined to "warp up" the Passamagamet¹ Falls; so while the rest walked over the portage with the baggage, I remained in the bateau, to assist in warping up. We were soon in the midst of the rapids, which were more swift and tumultuous than any we had poled up, and had turned to the side of the stream for the purpose of warping, when the boatmen, who felt some pride in their skill, and were ambitious to do something more than usual, for my benefit as I surmised, took one more view of the falls, pushed again into the midst of the stream, and began to struggle with the current. I sat in the middle of the boat to trim it, moving slightly to the right or left as it grazed a rock. With an uncertain and wavering motion we wound and bolted our way up, until the bow was actually raised two feet above the stern at the steepest pitch; and then, when everything depended upon his exertions, the bowman's pole snapped in two; but before he had time to take the spare one, which I reached him, he had saved himself with the fragment upon a rock; and so we got up by a hair's breadth. Uncle George exclaimed that that was never done before, and he had not tried it if he had not known whom he had got in the bow, nor he in the bow, if he had not known him in the stern.

I could not sufficiently admire the skill and coolness with which they performed this feat, never speaking to each other. The bowman, not looking behind, but knowing exactly what the other is about, works as

¹ Päs-á-má-gám'ét.



POLING UP-STREAM



RUNNING DOWN-STREAM

if he worked alone. Now sounding in vain for a bottom in fifteen feet of water, while the boat falls back several rods, held straight only with the greatest skill and exertion; or, while the sternman obstinately holds his ground, the bowman springs from side to side with wonderful suppleness and dexterity, scanning the rapids and the rocks; and now, having got a bite at last, with a lusty shove, which makes his pole bend and quiver, and the whole boat tremble, he gains a few feet upon the river. To add to the danger, the poles are liable at any time to be caught between the rocks, and wrenched out of their hands, leaving them at the mercy of the rapids — the rocks, as it were, lying in wait, like so many alligators, to catch the poles in their teeth, and jerk them from your hands, before you have stolen an effectual shove. Nothing but the length and lightness, and the slight draught of the bateau, enables them to make any headway. The bowman must quickly choose his course; there is no time to deliberate. Frequently the boat is shoved between rocks where both sides touch, and the waters on either hand are a perfect maelstrom.

Half a mile above this, two of us tried our hands at poling up a slight rapid, and we were just surmounting the last difficulty when an unlucky rock confounded our calculations; and while the bateau was sweeping round irrecoverably amid the whirlpool, we were obliged to resign the poles to more skillful hands.

The forenoon was serene and placid. We were occasionally startled by the scream of a bald eagle, sailing over the stream in front of our bateau, or of the fish hawks on whom he levies his contributions. There were at intervals small meadows of a few acres

on the sides of the streams, waving with uncut grass, which attracted the attention of our boatmen, who regretted that they were not nearer to their clearings, and calculated how many stacks they might cut. Two or three men sometimes spend the summer by themselves, cutting the grass in these meadows, to sell to the loggers in the winter, since it will fetch a higher price on the spot than in any market in the State. On a small isle covered with this grass we noticed the recent track of a moose. They are fond of the water, and visit all these island meadows, swimming as easily from island to island as they make their way through the thickets on land.

The carry around Pockwockomus¹ Falls was exceedingly rough and rocky, the bateau having to be lifted directly from the water up four or five feet on to a rock, and launched again down a similar bank. The rocks on this portage were covered with the dents made by the spikes in the lumberers' boots while staggering over under the weight of their bateaux; and you could see where the surface of some large rocks on which they had rested their bateaux was worn quite smooth with use. We carried over but half the usual portage at this place, and launched our boat in the smooth wave just curving to the fall, prepared to struggle with the most violent rapid we had to encounter. The rest of the party walked over the remainder of the portage, while I remained with the boatmen to assist in warping up. One had to hold the boat while the others got in, to prevent it from going over the falls. When we had pushed up the rapids as far as possible, keeping close to the shore, Tom seized

¹ Pök-wök'ō-mūs.

the painter and leaped out upon a rock just visible in the water, but he lost his footing, notwithstanding his spiked boots, and was instantly amid the rapids; but recovering himself, and reaching another rock, he passed the painter to me, who had followed him, and took his place again in the bows. Leaping from rock to rock in the shoal water, close to the shore, and now and then getting a bite with the rope round an upright one, I held the boat while one reset his pole, and then all three forced it upward. When a part of us walked round at such a place we generally took out the most valuable part of the baggage, for fear of being swamped.

As we poled up a swift rapid for half a mile above Aboljacarmegus¹ Falls, some of the party read their own marks on the huge logs which lay piled high and dry on the rocks on either hand, the relics probably of a jam which had taken place here in the Great Freshet in the spring. Many of these would have to wait for another great freshet, perchance, if they lasted so long, before they could be got off. It was singular enough to meet with property of theirs which they had never seen, and where they had never been before, thus detained by freshets and rocks when on its way to them.

The last half mile carried us to the Sowadnehunk² Deadwater. Here we decided to camp, about twenty miles from the Dam, at the mouth of Murch Brook and the Aboljacknagesic,³ mountain streams, broad off from Katahdin, and about a dozen miles from its summit.

¹ Ā-bōl-jāk-ā-mē'gūs. Now commonly abbreviated to Abol (ā'bōl).

² Sou-ād-nē-hūnk'.

³ Ā-bōl-jāk-nā-gëss'ik. Now, like the above, abbreviated to Abol.

We had been told by McCauslin that we should here find trout enough; so, while some prepared the camp, the rest fell to fishing. Seizing the birch poles which some party of Indians, or white hunters, had left on the shore, and baiting our hooks with pork, and with trout as soon as they were caught, we cast our lines into the Aboljacknagesic. Instantly a shoal of white chivin, silvery roaches, or what not, prowling thereabouts, fell upon our bait, and one after another were landed amidst the bushes. Anon their cousins, the trout, took their turn, and alternately the speckled trout and the silvery roaches swallowed the bait as fast as we could throw in; and the finest specimens of both that I have ever seen, the largest one weighing three pounds, were heaved upon the shore, though at first to wriggle down into the water again, for we stood in the boat; but soon we learned to remedy this evil, for one of us, who had lost his hook, stood on shore to catch them as they fell in a perfect shower around him — sometimes, wet and slippery, full in his face and bosom, as his arms were outstretched to receive them. While yet alive, before their tints had faded, they glistened like the fairest flowers, the product of primitive rivers, seen of Indians only, made beautiful, the Lord only knows why, to swim there!

But there is the rough voice of Uncle George, who commands at the frying-pan. The pork sizzles, and cries for fish. The night shut down at last, not a little deepened by the dark side of Katahdin, which, like a permanent shadow, reared itself from the eastern bank. We accompanied Tom into the woods to cut cedar twigs for our bed. While he went ahead with the axe, and lopped off the smallest twigs of the flat-leaved

cedar, the arbor-vitæ of the gardens, we gathered them up, and returned with them to the boat, until it was loaded. Our bed was made with as much care and skill as a roof is shingled; beginning at the foot, and laying the twig end of the cedar upward, we advanced to the head, a course at a time, thus successively covering the stub-ends, and producing a soft and level bed. For us six it was about ten feet long by six in breadth. This time we lay under our tent, having pitched it more prudently with reference to the wind and the flame, and the usual huge fire blazed in front. Supper was eaten off a large log, which some freshet had thrown up. This night we had a dish of arbor-vitæ or cedar tea, which the lumberer sometimes uses when other herbs fail, but I had no wish to repeat the experiment. It had too medicinal a taste for my palate. There was the skeleton of a moose here, whose bones some Indian hunters had picked on this very spot. I arose before dawn while my companions were still sleeping. There stood Katahdin with distinct and cloudless outline in the moonlight; and the rippling of the rapids was the only sound to break the stillness. Standing on the shore, I once more cast my line into the stream. The speckled trout and silvery roach sped swiftly through the moonlight air until daylight brought satiety to my mind, and the minds of my companions, who had joined me.

By six o'clock, having mounted our packs and a good blanketful of trout, ready dressed, and swung up such baggage and provision as we wished to leave behind on the tops of saplings, to be out of the reach of bears, we started for the summit of the mountain. Uncle George had never been any nearer the mountain

than this, and there was not the slightest trace of man to guide us farther. At first, pushing a few rods up the Aboljacknagesic, we fastened our bateau to a tree, and traveled up the north side, through burnt lands, now partially overgrown with young aspens and other shrubbery. Soon, recrossing this stream, upon a jam of logs and rocks, — and you could cross it by this means almost anywhere, — we struck at once for the highest peak. This course would lead us parallel to a dark seam in the forest, which marked the bed of a torrent, and over a slight spur, from whose bare summit we could get an outlook over the country, and climb directly up the peak, which would then be close at hand. Seen from this point, Katahdin presented a different aspect from any mountain I have seen, there being a greater proportion of naked rock rising abruptly from the forest; and we looked up at this blue barrier as if it were some fragment of a wall which anciently bounded the earth in that direction. Setting the compass for a northeast course, we were soon buried in the woods.

We soon began to meet with traces of bear and moose, and those of rabbits were everywhere visible. The tracks of moose, more or less recent, covered every square rod on the sides of the mountain; and these animals are probably more numerous now there than ever before, being driven into this wilderness, from all sides, by the settlements. The track of a full-grown moose is like that of a cow, or larger. Sometimes we found ourselves traveling in faint paths, which they had made, like cow-paths in the woods, only far more indistinct, being rather openings, affording imperfect vistas through the dense underwood,

than trodden paths; and everywhere the twigs had been browsed by them, clipped as smoothly as if by a knife. The bark of trees was stripped up by them to the height of eight or nine feet, in long, narrow strips, an inch wide, still showing the distinct marks of their teeth. We expected nothing less than to meet a herd of them every moment, and our Nimrod held his shooting-iron in readiness; but, though numerous, they are so wary that the unskillful hunter might range the forest a long time before he could get sight of one. They are sometimes dangerous to encounter, and will not turn out for the hunter, but furiously rush on him and trample him to death, unless he is lucky enough to avoid them by dodging round a tree. The largest are nearly as large as a horse, and weigh sometimes one thousand pounds; and it is said that they can step over a five-foot gate in their ordinary walk. They are described as exceedingly awkward-looking animals, with their long legs and short bodies, making a ludicrous figure when in full run, but making great headway nevertheless. It seemed a mystery to us how they could thread these woods, which it required all our suppleness to accomplish — climbing, stooping, and winding, alternately. They are said to drop their long and branching horns on their backs, and make their way easily by the weight of their bodies. Their flesh, which is more like beef than venison, is common in Bangor market.

We had proceeded seven or eight miles, till about noon, with frequent pauses to refresh the weary ones, crossing a considerable mountain stream, which we conjectured to be Murch Brook, at whose mouth we had camped, all the time in woods, without having once

seen the summit, and rising very gradually, when the boatmen beginning to despair a little, and fearing that we were leaving the mountain on one side of us, for they had not entire faith in the compass, McCauslin climbed a tree, from the top of which he could see the peak, when it appeared that we had not swerved from a right line. By the side of a cool mountain rill, amid the woods, where the water began to partake of the purity and transparency of the air, we stopped to cook some of our fishes, which we had brought thus far in order to save our hard-bread and pork. We soon had a fire blazing, and stood around it, under the damp and sombre forest of firs and birches, each with a sharpened stick, three or four feet in length, upon which he had spitted his trout, or roach, previously well gashed and salted, our sticks radiating like the spokes of a wheel from one centre, and each crowding his particular fish into the most desirable exposure. Thus we regaled ourselves, drinking meanwhile at the spring, till one man's pack, at least, was considerably lightened, when we again took up our line of march.

At length we reached an elevation sufficiently bare to afford a view of the summit, still distant and blue, almost as if retreating from us. A torrent was seen tumbling down in front. But this glimpse at our whereabouts was soon lost, and we were buried in the woods again. The wood was chiefly yellow birch, spruce, fir, mountain-ash, and moose-wood. It was the worst kind of traveling. Bunch-berries were very abundant as well as Solomon's-seal and moose-berries. Blueberries were distributed along our whole route; and in one place the bushes were drooping with the weight of the fruit, still as fresh as ever. Such patches

afforded a grateful repast, and served to bait the tired party forward. When any lagged behind, the cry of "blueberries" was most effectual to bring them up. Even at this elevation we passed through a mooseyard, formed by a large flat rock, four or five rods square, where they tread down the snow in winter. At length, fearing that if we held the direct course to the summit, we should not find any water near our camping-ground, we gradually swerved to the west, till, at four o'clock, we struck again the torrent which I have mentioned, and here, in view of the summit, the weary party decided to camp that night.

While my companions were seeking a suitable spot for this purpose, I improved the little daylight that was left in climbing the mountain alone. We were in a deep and narrow ravine, sloping up to the clouds at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and hemmed in by walls of rock, which were at first covered with low trees, then with impenetrable thickets of scraggy birches and spruce trees, and with moss, but at last bare of any vegetation but lichens, and almost continually draped in clouds. Following the course of the torrent, pulling myself up perpendicular falls of twenty or thirty feet, by the roots of firs and birches, and then perhaps walking a level rod or two in the thin stream, for it took up the whole road, ascending by huge steps, as it were, a giant's stairway, down which a river flowed, I had soon cleared the trees and paused to look back over the country. The torrent was from fifteen to thirty feet wide, without a tributary, and seemingly not diminishing in breadth as I advanced; but still it came rushing and roaring down, with a copious tide, over and amidst masses of bare rock,

from the very clouds, as though a waterspout had just burst over the mountain. Leaving this at last, I began to work my way up the nearest peak, at first scrambling on all fours over the tops of ancient black spruce trees, from two to ten or twelve feet in height, their tops flat and spreading, and their foliage blue and nipped with cold, as if for centuries they had ceased growing upward against the bleak sky. I walked some rods erect upon the tops of these trees, which were overgrown with moss and mountain cranberries. It seemed that in the course of time they had filled up the intervals between the huge rocks, and the cold wind had uniformly leveled all over. There was apparently a belt of this kind running quite round the mountain. Once, slumping through, I looked down ten feet, into a dark and cavernous region, and saw the stem of a spruce, on whose top I stood as on a mass of coarse basket-work, fully nine inches in diameter at the ground. These holes were bears' dens, and the bears were even then at home. This was the sort of garden I made my way over, certainly the most treacherous and porous country I ever traveled. But nothing could exceed the toughness of the twigs — not one snapped under my weight, for they had slowly grown. Having slumped, scrambled, rolled, bounced, and walked by turns, over this scraggy country, I arrived upon a side-hill where gray, silent rocks were the flocks and herds that pastured. This brought me to the skirt of a cloud, and bounded my walk that night.

When I returned to my companions, they had selected a camping-ground on the torrent's edge, and were resting; one was on the sick list, rolled in a blanket on a damp shelf of rock. It was savage and dreary

scenery, so wildly rough that they looked long to find a level and open space for the tent. We could not well camp higher for want of fuel; and the trees here seemed so evergreen and sappy that we almost doubted if they would acknowledge the influence of fire; but fire prevailed at last and blazed like a good citizen of the world. It was perhaps a more grand and desolate place for a night's lodging than the summit would have been, being in the neighborhood of those wild trees, and of the torrent. Some more aerial and finer-spirited winds rushed and roared through the ravine all night, from time to time arousing our fire and dispersing the embers about. It was as if we lay in the very nest of a young whirlwind. At midnight, one of my bedfellows, being startled in his dreams by the sudden blazing up to its top of a fir-tree, whose green boughs were dried by the heat, sprang up with a cry from his bed, thinking the world on fire, and drew the whole camp after him.

In the morning, after whetting our appetite on some raw pork, a wafer of hard-bread, and a dipper of condensed cloud or waterspout, we began to make our way up the falls; this time choosing the highest peak, which was not the one I had approached before. But soon my companions were lost to my sight behind the mountain ridge in my rear, and I climbed alone over huge rocks, loosely poised, a mile or more, still edging toward the clouds; for though the day was clear elsewhere, the summit was concealed by mist. The mountain seemed a vast aggregation of loose rocks, as if some time it had rained rocks, and they lay as they fell, nowhere fairly at rest, but leaning on each other with cavities between. They were the raw materials

of a planet dropped from an unseen quarry, which the vast chemistry of nature would anon work up into the smiling and verdant plains and valleys of earth.

At length I entered within the skirts of the cloud which seemed forever drifting over the summit, and yet would never be gone, but was generated out of that pure air as fast as it flowed away. When I reached the summit of the ridge, which those who have seen it in clearer weather say is about five miles long and contains a thousand acres of table-land, I was deep within the hostile ranks of clouds, and all objects were obscured by them. Now the wind would blow me out a yard of sunlight, wherein I stood; then a gray, dawning light was all it could accomplish, the cloud-line ever rising and falling with the wind's intensity. Sometimes it seemed as if the summit would be cleared in a few moments and smile in sunshine; but what was gained on one side was lost on another. It was like sitting in a chimney and waiting for the smoke to blow away. It was, in fact, a cloud-factory. Occasionally, when the windy columns broke in to me, I caught sight of a dark, damp crag to the right or left; the mist driving ceaselessly between it and me.

Some part of the beholder seems to escape between the loose grating of his ribs as he ascends. He is more lone than you can imagine. Vast, Titanic, inhuman Nature has got him at disadvantage. She does not smile on him as in the plains. She seems to say sternly: "Why came ye here before your time? This ground is not prepared for you. Is it not enough that I smile in the valleys? I have never made this soil for thy feet, this air for thy breathing, these rocks for thy neighbors. I cannot pity nor fondle thee here, but



SUMMIT OF KATAHDIN

(The objects on the top of the peak are stone cairns raised by climbers of the mountain)

forever relentlessly drive thee hence to where I *am* kind."

At length, fearing that my companions would be anxious to reach the river before night, and knowing that the clouds might rest on the mountain for days, I was compelled to descend. Occasionally, as I came down, the wind would blow a vista open, through which I could see the country eastward, boundless forests, and lakes and streams, gleaming in the sun. Now and then some small bird of the sparrow family would flit away before me, unable to command its course, like a fragment of the gray rock blown off by the wind.

I found my companions where I had left them, gathering the mountain cranberries, which filled every crevice between the rocks, together with blueberries, which had a spicier flavor the higher up they grew. From this elevation, just on the skirts of the clouds, we could overlook the country, west and south, for a hundred miles — immeasurable forest—no clearing, no house! It did not look as if a solitary traveler had cut so much as a walking-stick there. Countless lakes — Moosehead in the southwest, forty miles long by ten wide; Chesuncook, eighteen long by three wide; and a hundred others; and mountains, also, whose names, for the most part, are known only to the Indians. The forest looked like a firm grass sward, and the effect of these lakes in its midst has been well compared to that of a "mirror broken into a thousand fragments, and wildly scattered over the grass, reflecting the full blaze of the sun."

Setting out on our return to the river, still at an early hour in the day, we decided to follow the course of the

torrent as long as it would not lead us too far out of our way. We thus traveled about four miles in the very torrent itself, continually crossing and recrossing it, leaping from rock to rock, and jumping with the stream down falls of seven or eight feet, or sometimes sliding down on our backs in a thin sheet of water. This ravine had been the scene of an extraordinary freshet in the spring, apparently accompanied by a slide from the mountain. For a rod or two, on either side of its channel, the trees were barked and splintered up to their tops, the birches bent over, twisted, and sometimes finely split, like a stable-broom; some, a foot in diameter, snapped off, and whole clumps of trees bent over with the weight of rocks piled on them. In one place we noticed a rock, two or three feet in diameter, lodged nearly twenty feet high in the crotch of a tree. For the whole four miles we saw but one rill emptying in, and the volume of water did not seem to be increased from the first. At one place we were startled by seeing, on a little sandy shelf by the side of the stream, the fresh print of a man's foot; but at last we remembered that we had struck this stream on the way up, and one had descended into the ravine for a drink.

After leaving the torrent, being in doubt about our course, Tom threw down his pack at the foot of the loftiest spruce tree at hand, and shinned up the bare trunk some twenty feet, and then climbed through the green tower, lost to our sight, until he held the topmost spray in his hand. "Where away does the summit bear? where the burnt lands?" we cried.

The last he could only conjecture; he descried, however, a little meadow and pond, lying probably in our

course, which we concluded to steer for. On reaching this secluded meadow, we found fresh tracks of moose on the shore of the pond, and the water was still unsettled as if they had fled before us. A little farther, in a dense thicket, we seemed to be still on their trail. Pursuing this course, we soon reached the open land, which went sloping down some miles toward the Penobscot.

Perhaps I most fully realized that this was primeval, untamed, and forever untamable Nature, while coming down this part of the mountain. We were passing over "Burnt Lands," though they showed no recent marks of fire, hardly so much as a charred stump, but looked rather like a natural pasture for the moose and deer, exceedingly wild and desolate, with occasional strips of timber crossing them, and low poplars springing up, and patches of blueberries here and there.

Ere long we recognized some rocks and other features in the landscape, and, quickening our pace, by two o'clock we reached the bateau. Here we had expected to dine on trout, but in this glaring sunlight they were slow to take the bait, so we were compelled to make the most of the crumbs of our hard-bread and our pork, which were both nearly exhausted.

About four o'clock, the same afternoon, we commenced our return voyage, which would require but little if any poling. In shooting rapids the boatmen use large and broad paddles, instead of poles, to guide the boat with. Though we glided so swiftly, and often smoothly, down, where it had cost us no slight effort to get up, our present voyage was attended with far more danger, for if we fairly struck one of the thousand

rocks by which we were surrounded, the boat would be swamped in an instant. When a boat is swamped under these circumstances, the boatmen commonly find no difficulty in keeping afloat at first, for the current keeps both them and their cargo up for a long way down the stream; and if they can swim, they have only to work their way gradually to the shore. The greatest danger is of being caught in an eddy behind some large rock, and being carried round and round under the surface till they are drowned. McCauslin pointed out some rocks which had been the scene of a fatal accident of this kind. Sometimes the body is not thrown out for several hours. In shooting the rapids, the boatman has this problem to solve: to choose a safe course amid a thousand sunken rocks, scattered over a quarter or half a mile, at the same time that he is moving steadily on at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Stop he cannot; the only question is, where will he go? The bowman chooses the course with all his eyes about him, striking broad off with his paddle, and drawing the boat by main force into her course. The sternman faithfully follows the bow.

We were soon at the Aboljacarmegus Falls. Anxious to avoid the delay, as well as the labor, of the portage here, our boatmen went forward first to reconnoitre, and concluded to let the bateau down the falls, carrying the baggage only over the portage. Jumping from rock to rock until nearly in the middle of the stream, we were ready to receive the boat and let her down over the first fall, some six or seven feet perpendicular. The boatmen stand upon the edge of a shelf of rock in from one to two feet of rapid water, one on each side of the boat, and let it slide gently over, till the

bow is run out ten or twelve feet in the air; then, letting it drop squarely, while one holds the painter, the other leaps in, and his companion following, they are whirled down the rapids to a new fall, or to smooth water. In a very few minutes they had accomplished a passage in safety, which would be as foolhardy for the unskillful to attempt as the descent of Niagara itself.

Having carried round Pockwockomus Falls, our oars soon brought us to the Katepskonegan¹ Carry, where we decided to camp, leaving our bateau to be carried over in the morning. One shoulder of each of the boatmen showed a red spot as large as one's hand, worn by the bateau on this expedition; and this shoulder, as it did all the work, was perceptibly lower than its fellow, from long service.

The drivers are accustomed to work in the cold water in the spring, rarely ever dry; and if one falls in all over, he rarely changes his clothes till night, if then even. McCauslin said soberly that he had seen where six men were wholly under water at once, at a jam, with their shoulders to handspikes. If the log did not start, then they had to put out their heads to breathe. The driver works as long as he can see, from dark to dark, and at night has not time to eat his supper and dry his clothes fairly, before he is asleep on his cedar bed. We lay that night on the very bed made by such a party, stretching our tent over the poles which were still standing, but re-shingling the damp and faded bed with fresh leaves.

In the morning we carried our boat over and

¹ Ká-těp-skô-ně'gán. Now commonly called Debsconeag (děb-skô-něg').

launched it, making haste lest the wind should rise. The boatmen ran down Passamagumet, and soon after Ambejijis Falls, while we walked round with the baggage. We made a hasty breakfast at the head of Ambejijis Lake, on the remainder of our pork, and were soon rowing across its smooth surface, under a pleasant sky, the mountain being now clear of clouds in the northeast. Taking turns at the oars, we shot rapidly across Deep Cove, the foot of Pamadumcook, and the North Twin, at the rate of six miles an hour, the wind not being high enough to disturb us, and reached the Dam at noon. The boatmen went through one of the log sluices in the bateau, where the fall was ten feet at the bottom, and took us in below. Here was the longest rapid in our voyage. Now amid the eddies, now darting to this side of the stream, now to that, gliding swift and smooth near to our destruction, or striking broad off with the paddle and drawing the boat to right or left with all our might, in order to avoid a rock, we soon ran through this mile, and floated in Quakish Lake.

After such a voyage, the troubled and angry waters, which once had seemed terrible and not to be trifled with, appeared tamed and subdued; they had been bearded and worried in their channels, pricked and whipped into submission with the spike-pole and paddle, gone through and through with impunity, and all their spirit and their danger taken out of them, and the most swollen and impetuous rivers seemed but playthings henceforth. I began, at length, to understand the boatman's familiarity with, and contempt for, the rapids. "Those Fowler boys," said Mrs. McCauslin, "are perfect ducks for the water." They had

run down to Lincoln, according to her, thirty or forty miles, in a bateau, in the night, for a doctor, when it was so dark they could not see a rod before them, and the river was swollen so as to be almost a continuous rapid, so that the doctor cried, when they brought him up by daylight, "Why, Tom, how did you see to steer?" "We did n't steer much — only kept her straight." And yet they met with no accident.

When we reached the Millinocket opposite to Tom's house, and were waiting for his folks to set us over, — for we had left our bateau above the Grand Falls, — we discovered two canoes, with two men in each, turning up this stream from Shad Pond, one keeping the opposite side of a small island before us, while the other approached the side where we were standing, examining the banks carefully for muskrats as they came along. The last proved to be Louis Neptune and his companion, on their way up to Chesuncook after moose; but we hardly knew them. At a little distance they might have been taken for Quakers, with their broad-brimmed hats, and overcoats with broad capes, seeking a settlement in this Sylvania — or, nearer at hand, for fashionable gentlemen the morning after a spree. Met face to face, these Indians in their native woods looked like the sinister and slouching fellows whom you meet picking up strings and paper in the streets of a city. There is, in fact, a remarkable and unexpected resemblance between the degraded savage and the lowest classes in a great city. The one is no more a child of nature than the other. Neptune at first was only anxious to know what we "kill," seeing some partridges in the hands of one of the party, but we had assumed too much anger to permit of a reply. We thought

Indians had some honor before. But — “ Me been sick. Oh, me unwell now. You make bargain, then me go.” They had in fact been delayed by a drunken frolic, and had not yet recovered from its effects. They had some young musquash in their canoes, which they dug out of the banks with a hoe, for food. So they went on up the Millinocket, and we kept down the bank of the Penobscot, leaving Tom at his home.

Thus a man shall lead his life away here on the edge of the wilderness, in a new world; shall live, as it were, in the primitive age of the world, a primitive man. He lives three thousand years deep into time. Can you well go further back in history than this? Ay! ay! — for there turns up but now into the mouth of Millinocket Stream a still more ancient and primitive man. In a bark vessel sewn with the roots of the spruce, with hornbeam paddles, he dips his way along. He builds no house of logs, but a wigwam of skins. He eats no hot bread and sweet cake, but musquash and moose-meat and the fat of bears. He glides up the Millinocket and is lost to my sight, as a more distant and misty cloud is seen flitting by behind a nearer, and is lost in space. So he goes about his destiny.

After having passed the night, and buttered our boots for the last time, at Uncle George's, whose dogs almost devoured him for joy at his return, we kept on down the river the next day about eight miles on foot, and then took a bateau, with a man to pole it, to Mattawamkeag, ten more. At the middle of that very night, we reached Oldtown, where we heard the confused din and clink of a hundred saws, which never rest, and at six o'clock the next morning one of the party was steaming his way to Massachusetts.

What is most striking in the Maine wilderness is the continuousness of the forest. Except the burnt lands, the narrow intervals on the rivers, the bare tops of the high mountains, and the lakes and streams, the forest is uninterrupted. It is even more grim and wild than you had anticipated, a damp and intricate wilderness. The aspect of the country, indeed, is universally stern and savage, excepting the distant views of the forest from hills, and the lake prospects. The lakes are something which you are unprepared for; they lie so exposed to the light, and the forest is diminished to a fine fringe on their edges. These are not the artificial forests of an English king. Here prevail no forest laws but those of nature. The aborigines have never been dispossessed, nor nature deforested.

It is a country full of evergreen trees, of silver birches and watery maples, the ground dotted with insipid small, red berries, and strewn with moss-grown rocks — a country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams, peopled with trout, salmon, shad, pickerel, and other fishes; the forest resounding at rare intervals with the note of the chickadee, the blue jay, and the woodpecker, the scream of the fish hawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon, and the whistle of ducks along the solitary streams; at night, with the hooting of owls and howling of wolves; in summer, swarming with myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, more formidable than wolves to the white man. Such is the home of the moose, the bear, the caribou, the wolf, the beaver, and the Indian. Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where the decaying trees seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and Nature, like a serene infant, is

too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lispings birds and trickling rills?

I am reminded by my journey how exceedingly new this country still is. We have advanced by leaps to the Pacific, and left many a lesser Oregon and California unexplored behind us. Though the railroad and the telegraph have been established on the shores of Maine, the Indian still looks out from her interior mountains to the sea. There stands the city of Bangor, fifty miles up the Penobscot, at the head of navigation, the principal lumber depot on this continent, like a star on the edge of night, still hewing at the forests of which it is built, already overflowing with the luxuries and refinement of Europe, and sending its vessels to Spain, to England, and to the West Indies for its groceries—and yet only a few axemen have gone “up river,” into the howling wilderness which feeds it. Twelve miles in the rear is the Indian island, the home of the Penobscot tribe, and then commence the bateau and the canoe; and sixty miles above, the country is virtually unmapped and unexplored, and there still waves the virgin forest of the New World.

CHESUNCOOK

AT five P. M., September 13, 1853, I left Boston, in the steamer for Bangor. It was a warm and still night, and the sea was as smooth as a small lake in summer, merely rippled. The passengers went singing on the deck till ten o'clock. Now we see the Cape Ann lights, and now pass near a small village-like fleet of mackerel-fishers at anchor. From the wonders of the deep we go below to yet deeper sleep. And then the absurdity of being waked up in the night by a man who wants the job of blacking your boots! I trusted that these old customs were abolished. They might with the same propriety insist on blacking your face. I heard of one man who complained that somebody had stolen his boots in the night; and when he had found them, he wanted to know what they had done to them — they had spoiled them — he never put that stuff on them; and the bootblack narrowly escaped paying damages.

Anxious to get out of the whale's belly, I rose early, and joined some old salts who were smoking by a dim light on a sheltered part of the deck. I was proud to find that I had stood the voyage so well. We watched the first signs of dawn through an open port; but the day seemed to hang fire. At length an African prince rushed by, observing, "Twelve o'clock, gentlemen!" and blew out the light. It was moon-rise. So I slunk down into the monster's bowels again.

We reached Bangor about noon. When I arrived,

my companion that was to be had gone up river, and engaged an Indian, Joe Aitteon, a son of the Governor, to go with us to Chesuncook Lake. Joe arrived by cars at Bangor that evening, with his canoe and a companion who was going to join him in moose-hunting at Chesuncook when we had done with him. They took supper at my friend's house and lodged in his barn.

The next morning, Joe and his canoe were put on board the stage for Moosehead Lake, sixty and odd miles distant, an hour before we started in an open wagon. We carried hard-bread, pork, smoked beef, tea, sugar, etc., seemingly enough for a regiment.

It rained all day and till the middle of the next forenoon, concealing the landscape almost entirely; but we had hardly got out of the streets of Bangor before I began to be exhilarated by the sight of the wild fir and spruce tops, and those of other primitive evergreens, peering through the mist in the horizon. It was like the sight and odor of cake to a schoolboy.

He who rides and keeps the beaten track studies the fences chiefly. Near Bangor, the fence-posts, on account of the frost's heaving them in the clayey soil, were not planted in the ground, but were mortised into a beam lying on the surface. Afterwards the prevailing fences were log ones, with sometimes a Virginia fence, or else rails slanted over crossed stakes; and these zigzagged or played leap-frog all the way to the lake, keeping just ahead of us. The houses were far apart, commonly small and of one story. There was very little land under cultivation, yet the forest did not often border the road. We saw large flocks of pigeons, and several times came within a rod or two of partridges in the road. My companion said that in one journey out

of Bangor he and his son had shot sixty partridges from his buggy.

The mountain-ash was now very handsome, as also the hobble-bush, with its ripe purple berries mixed with red. The Canada thistle was the prevailing weed, the roadside in many places, and fields not long cleared, being densely filled with it as with a crop, to the exclusion of everything else. There were also whole fields full of ferns, now rusty and withering. There were many late buttercups, and fire-weed commonly where there had been a burning, and the pearly everlasting. I noticed occasionally very long troughs which supplied the road with water, and my companion said that three dollars annually were granted by the State to one man in each school-district, who provided and maintained a suitable water-trough by the roadside for the use of travelers. Maine is banishing bar-rooms from its highways and conducting the mountain springs thither.

At a fork in the road about twenty miles from Moosehead Lake, I saw a guide-post surmounted by a pair of moose-horns, with the word "Monson" painted on one blade, and the name of some other town on the other. They are sometimes used for ornamental hat-trees, in front entries. We reached Monson after dark.

At four o'clock the next morning, still in the rain, we pursued our journey. In many places the road was in that condition called *repaired*, having just been whittled into the required semi-cylindrical form with the shovel and scraper, with all the softest inequalities in the middle, like a hog's back with the bristles up. As you looked off each side of the bare sphere into the horizon, the ditches were awful to behold.

At a tavern hereabouts the hostler greeted our horse as an old acquaintance, though he did not remember the driver. He said that he had taken care of that little mare for a short time a year or two before at the Mount Kineo¹ House, and thought she was not in as good condition as then. Every man to his trade. I am not acquainted with a single horse in the world, not even the one that kicked me.

We got our first view of Moosehead Lake — a suitably wild-looking sheet of water, sprinkled with small, low islands, which were covered with shaggy spruce and other wild wood — seen over the infant port of Greenville. There was no summer road any farther in this direction, but a winter road, that is, one passable only when deep snow covers its inequalities, up the east side of the lake about twelve miles.

I was here first introduced to Joe. He had ridden all the way on the outside of the stage, the day before, in the rain, and was well wetted. He was a good-looking Indian, twenty-four years old, short and stout, with a broad face and reddish complexion. He had worked a good deal as a lumberman.

At eight o'clock the steamer, with her bell and whistle, scaring the moose, summoned us on board. She is chiefly used by lumberers for the transportation of themselves, their boats, and supplies. There were but few passengers: a St. Francis Indian, two explorers for lumber, three men who landed at Sandbar Island, and a gentleman who lives on Deer Island, eleven miles up the lake; these, I think, were all beside ourselves.

The lake is much broken by islands, and the scenery

¹ Kín'ê-ō.

is varied and interesting. Mountains were seen on all sides but the northwest, their summits now lost in the clouds. You see but three or four houses for the whole length of the lake, or about forty miles, and the shore is an unbroken wilderness. The prevailing wood seemed to be spruce, fir, birch, and rock maple. You could easily distinguish the hard wood from the soft, or "black growth," as it is called, at a great distance, the former being smooth, round-topped, and light green, with a bowery and cultivated look.

Mount Kineo, at which the boat touched, is a peninsula with a narrow neck, about midway the lake on the east side. The precipice on the land side of this is so high and perpendicular that you can jump from the top, many hundred feet, into the water, which makes up behind the point.

We reached the head of the lake about noon. The weather had in the meanwhile cleared, though the mountains were still capped with clouds. The steamer here approached a long pier projecting from the northern wilderness, and built of some of its logs, and whistled, where not a cabin nor a mortal was to be seen. At length a Mr. Hinckley, who has a camp at the other end of the "carry," appeared with a truck drawn by an ox and a horse over a rude log-railway through the woods. The next thing was to get our canoe and effects over the carry into the Penobscot River. This railway from the lake to the river occupied the middle of a clearing two or three rods wide and perfectly straight through the forest. We walked across while our baggage was drawn behind.

There was a very slight rise above the lake and at length a gradual descent to the Penobscot, which I

was surprised to find here a large stream from twelve to fifteen rods wide.

At the north end of the carry, in the midst of a clearing of sixty acres or more, there was a log camp with a house adjoining, for the accommodation of the carry-man's family and passing lumberers.

We now proceeded to get our dinner and to pitch the canoe. Joe took a small brand from the fire and blew the heat and flame against the pitch on his birch, and so melted and spread it. Sometimes he put his mouth over the suspected spot and sucked, to see if it admitted air; and at one place where we stopped he set his canoe high on crossed stakes, and poured water into it. I heard him swear once, during this operation, about his knife being as dull as a hoe.

At mid-afternoon we embarked. Our birch was nineteen and a half feet long by two and a half at the widest part, and fourteen inches deep, and painted green. This carried us three with our baggage. We had two heavy, though slender, rock-maple paddles. Joe placed birch-bark on the bottom for us to sit on, and slanted cedar splints against the cross-bars to protect our backs, while he himself sat upon a cross-bar in the stern. The baggage occupied the middle of the canoe. We also paddled by turns in the bows, now sitting with our legs extended, now sitting upon our legs, and now rising upon our knees; but I found none of these positions endurable, and was reminded of the complaints of the old Jesuit missionaries of the torture they endured from long confinement in constrained positions in canoes, in their voyages from Quebec to the Huron country; but afterwards I sat on the cross-bars, or stood up, and experienced no inconvenience.

It was deadwater for a couple of miles. The river had been raised about two feet by the rain, and lumberers were hoping for a flood sufficient to bring down the logs that were left in the spring. Its banks were seven or eight feet high and densely covered with spruce, fir, arbor-vitæ, birch, maple, beech, ash, aspen, many civil-looking elms, now imbrowned, along the stream, and at first a few hemlocks. The immediate shores were also densely covered with alder, willows, and the like. There were a few lily-pads along the sides. Many fresh tracks of moose were visible where the water was shallow and on the shore, and the lily-stems were freshly bitten off by them.

After paddling about two miles, we turned up Lobster Stream, which comes in from the southeast. Joe said that it was so called from small fresh-water lobsters found in it. My companion wished to look for moose signs, and intended, if it proved worth the while, to camp up that way. The kingfisher flew before us, the pigeon woodpecker was seen and heard, and nuthatches and chickadees close at hand. We saw a pair of moose-horns on the shore, and I asked Joe if a moose had shed them; but he said there was a head attached to them, and I knew that they did not shed their heads more than once in their lives.

After ascending about a mile and a half, we returned to the Penobscot. Just below the mouth of the Lobster we found quick water, and the river expanded to twenty or thirty rods in width. The moose-tracks were quite numerous and fresh here. We noticed in a great many places narrow and well-trodden paths by which they had come down to the river, and where they had slid on the steep and clayey bank.

Their tracks were either close to the edge of the stream or in shallow water; the holes made by their feet in the soft bottom being visible for a long time. They were particularly numerous where there was a small bay bordered by a strip of meadow, or separated from the river by a low peninsula covered with grass, wherein they had waded back and forth and eaten the pads. At one place, where we landed to pick up a duck, which my companion had shot, Joe peeled a canoe birch for bark for his hunting-horn. He then asked if we were not going to get the other duck, for his sharp eyes had seen another fall in the bushes a little farther along, and my companion obtained it.

We reached, about sundown, a small island at the head of what Joe called the Moosehorn Deadwater (the Moosehorn, in which he was going to hunt that night, coming in about three miles below), and on the upper end of this we decided to camp. After clearing a small space amid the dense spruce and fir trees, we covered the damp ground with a shingling of fir-twigs, and, while Joe was preparing his birch horn and pitching his canoe, — for this had to be done whenever we stopped long enough to build a fire, and was the principal labor he took upon himself at such times, — we collected fuel for the night, large wet and rotting logs, which had lodged at the head of the island, for our hatchet was too small for effective chopping; but we did not kindle a fire lest the moose should smell it. Joe set up a couple of forked stakes, and prepared half a dozen poles, ready to cast one of our blankets over in case it rained in the night. We also plucked the ducks which had been killed for breakfast.

While we were thus engaged in the twilight, we

heard faintly from far down the stream, what sounded like two strokes of a woodchopper's axe, echoing dully through the grim solitude. When we told Joe of this he exclaimed, "By George, I'll bet that was a moose! They make a noise like that."

At starlight we dropped down the stream as far as the Moosehorn, Joe telling us that we must be very silent, and he himself making no noise with his paddle while he urged the canoe along with effective impulses. It was a still night and suitable for this purpose,—for if there is wind the moose will smell you, — and Joe was very confident that he should get some. The harvest moon had just risen, and its level rays began to light up the forest on our right, while we glided downward in the shade on the same side, against the little breeze that was stirring. The lofty, spiring tops of the spruce and fir were very black against the sky, close bordering this broad avenue on each side; and the beauty of the scene, as the moon rose above the forest, it would not be easy to describe. A bat flew over our heads, and we heard a few faint notes of birds from time to time, or the sudden plunge of a musquash, or saw one crossing the stream before us, or heard the sound of a rill emptying in, swollen by the recent rain. About a mile below the island, when the solitude seemed to be growing more complete every moment, we suddenly saw the light and heard the crackling of a fire on the bank, and discovered the camp of the two explorers; they standing before it in their red shirts and talking of the adventures of the day. We glided by without speaking, close under the bank, within a couple of rods of them; and Joe, taking his horn, imitated the call of the moose, till we suggested that they

might fire on us. This was the last we saw of them, and we never knew whether they detected or suspected us.

I have often wished since that I was with them. They search for timber over a given section, climbing hills and often high trees to look off; explore the streams by which it is to be driven, and the like; spend five or six weeks in the woods, they two alone, a hundred miles or more from any town, roaming about, and sleeping on the ground where night overtakes them, depending chiefly on the provisions they carry with them, though they do not decline what game they come across; and then in the fall they return and make report to their employers. Experienced men get three or four dollars a day for this work. It is a solitary and adventurous life.

This discovery accounted for the sounds we had heard, and destroyed the prospect of seeing moose yet awhile. At length, when we had left the explorers far behind, Joe laid down his paddle, drew forth his birch horn, — a straight one about fifteen inches long and three or four wide at the mouth, tied round with strips of the same bark, — and, standing up, imitated the call of the moose — *ugh-ugh-ugh*, or *oo-oo-oo-oo*, and then a prolonged *oo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o*, and listened attentively for several minutes. We asked him what kind of noise he expected to hear. He said that if a moose heard it, he guessed we should find out; we should hear him coming half a mile off; he would come close to, perhaps into, the water, and my companion must wait till he got fair sight, and then aim just behind the shoulder.

The moose venture out to the riverside to feed and

drink at night. Earlier in the season the hunters do not use a horn to call them out, but steal upon them as they are feeding along the sides of the stream, and often the first notice they have of one is the sound of the water dropping from its muzzle. An Indian whom I heard imitate the voice of the moose, and also that of the caribou and the deer, using a much longer horn than Joe's, told me that the first could be heard eight or ten miles, sometimes; it was a loud sort of bellowing sound, clearer and more sonorous than the lowing of cattle, the caribou's a sort of snort, and the small deer's like that of a lamb.

At length we turned up the Moosehorn. This is a very meandering stream, only a rod or two in width, but comparatively deep, fitly enough named Moosehorn, whether from its windings or its inhabitants. It was bordered here and there by narrow meadows between the stream and the endless forest, affording favorable places for the moose to feed, and to call them out on. We proceeded half a mile up this, as through a narrow, winding canal, where the tall, dark spruce and firs and arbor-vitæ towered on both sides in the moonlight, forming a perpendicular forest-edge of great height. In two places stood a small stack of hay on the bank, ready for the lumberer's use in the winter, looking strange enough there.

Again and again Joe called the moose, placing the canoe close by some favorable point of meadow, but listened in vain to hear one come rushing through the woods, and concluded that they had been hunted too much thereabouts. We saw, many times, what to our imaginations looked like a gigantic moose, with his horns, peering from out the forest-edge, but we saw

the forest only, and not its inhabitants, that night. So at last we turned about. There was now a little fog on the water, though it was a fine clear night above. Several times we heard the hooting of a great horned owl, and told Joe that he would call out the moose for him, for he made a sound considerably like the horn. But Joe answered that the moose had heard that sound a thousand times and knew better; and oftener still we were startled by the plunge of a musquash. Once, when we were listening for moose, we heard come faintly echoing from far through the moss-clad aisles a dull, dry, rushing sound with a solid core to it, yet as if half smothered under the grasp of the luxuriant and fungus-like forest, like the shutting of a door in some distant entry of the damp and shaggy wilderness. When we asked Joe in a whisper what it was, he answered, "Tree fall."

There is something singularly grand and impressive in the sound of a tree falling in a perfectly calm night like this, as if the agencies which overthrow it did not need to be excited, but worked with a subtle, deliberate, and conscious force, like a boa-constrictor, and more effectively then than even in a windy day. If there is any such difference, perhaps it is because trees with the dews of the night on them are heavier than by day.

Having reached the camp, about ten o'clock, we kindled our fire and went to bed. Each of us had a blanket, in which he lay on the fir-twigs with his extremities toward the fire. It was worth the while to lie down in a country where you could afford such great fires. We had first rolled up a large log, some eighteen inches through and ten feet long, for a back-log, to last all night, and then piled on the trees to the

height of three or four feet, no matter how green or damp. In fact, we burned as much wood that night as would, with economy and an air-tight stove, last a poor family in one of our cities all winter. It was very agreeable, as well as independent, thus lying in the open air, and the fire kept our uncovered extremities warm enough. The Jesuit missionaries used to say that in their journeys with the Indians in Canada they lay on a bed which had never been shaken up since the creation, unless by earthquakes. It is surprising with what impunity and comfort one who has always lain in a warm bed in a close apartment, and studiously avoided draughts of air, can lie down on the ground without a shelter, roll himself in a blanket, and sleep before a fire, in a frosty autumn night, just after a long rain-storm, and even come to enjoy and value the fresh air.

I lay awake awhile, watching the ascent of the sparks through the firs, and sometimes their descent in half-extinguished cinders on my blanket. They were as interesting as fireworks, going up in endless, successive crowds, each after an explosion, in an eager, serpentine course, some to five or six rods above the treetops before they went out.

When we awoke in the morning, there was considerable frost whitening the leaves. We heard the sound of the chickadee and a few faintly lispings birds, and also of ducks in the water about the island.

Before the fog had fairly cleared away, we paddled down the stream again. These twenty miles of the Penobscot between Moosehead and Chesuncook lakes are comparatively smooth, but from time to time the water is shallow and rapid, with rocks or gravel-beds

where you can wade across. I looked very narrowly at the vegetation as we glided along close to the shore, and frequently made Joe turn aside for me to pluck a plant. Horehound, horsemint, and the sensitive fern grew close to the edge, under the willows and alders and wool-grass on the islands. It was too late for flowers, except a few asters, goldenrods, etc. In several places we noticed the slight frame of a camp amid the forest by the riverside, where some lumberers or hunters had passed a night, and sometimes steps cut in the muddy or clayey bank in front of it.

We stopped to fish for trout at the mouth of a small stream called Ragmuff. Here were the ruins of an old lumbering-camp, and a small space which had formerly been cleared and burned over was now densely overgrown with the red cherry and raspberries. While we were trying for trout, Joe wandered off up the Ragmuff on his own errands, and when we were ready to start, was far beyond call. So we were compelled to make a fire and get our dinner here, not to lose time. Some dark-reddish birds, with grayer females, and myrtle-birds hopped within six or eight feet of us and our smoke. Perhaps they smelled the frying pork. They suggested that the few small birds found in the wilderness are on more familiar terms with the lumberman and hunter than those of the orchard and clearing with the farmer. I have since found the Canada jay and partridges equally tame there, as if they had not yet learned to mistrust man entirely.

Joe at length returned, after an hour and a half, and said that he had been two miles up the stream exploring and had seen a moose. As we continued down the stream I asked him how the ribs of the canoe

were fastened to the side rails. He answered, "I don't know, I never noticed."

Talking with him about subsisting wholly on what the woods yielded, — game, fish, berries, etc., — I suggested that his ancestors did so; but he answered that he had been brought up in such a way that he could not do it. "Yes," said he, "that's the way they got a living, like wild fellows, wild as bears. By George! I shan't go into the woods without provision — hard-bread, pork, etc." He had brought on a barrel of hard-bread and stored it at the carry for his hunting. However, though he was a Governor's son, he had not learned to read.

My eyes were all the while on the trees, distinguishing between the black and white spruce and the fir. You paddle along in a narrow canal through an endless forest, and the vision I have in my mind's eye, still, is of the small, dark, and sharp tops of tall fir and spruce trees, and pagoda-like arbor-vitæ, crowded together on each side, with various hard woods intermixed. At one place we saw a small grove of slender sapling white pines, the only collection of pines that I saw on this voyage. Here and there, however, was a full-grown, tall, and slender, but defective one. All the rest of the pines had been driven off.

How far men go for the material of their houses! The inhabitants of the most civilized cities, in all ages, send into far, primitive forests, beyond the bounds of their civilization, where the moose and bear and savage dwell, for their pine boards. And, on the other hand, the savage soon receives from cities iron arrow-points, hatchets, and guns, to point his savageness with.

The solid and well-defined fir-tops, like sharp and regular spearheads, black against the sky, gave a peculiar dark and sombre look to the forest. The spruce-tops have a similar but more ragged outline. I was struck by this universal spiring upward of the forest evergreens. Not only the spruce and fir, but even the arbor-vitæ and white pine, all spire upwards, lifting a dense spearhead of cones to the light and air, while their branches straggle after as they may.

About six miles below Ragmuff we turned up a small branch called Pine Stream to look for moose signs. We soon reached a small meadow which was for the most part densely covered with alders. As we were advancing along the edge of this, I heard a slight crackling of twigs deep in the alders, and turned Joc's attention to it; whereupon he began to push the canoe back rapidly. We had receded thus half a dozen rods when we spied two moose standing just on the edge of the open part of the meadow which we had passed, not more than six or seven rods distant, looking round the alders at us. They made me think of rabbits, with their long ears and half-inquisitive, half-frightened looks, the true denizens of the forest, filling a vacuum which now first I discovered had not been filled for me.

Our Nimrod hastily stood up, and, while we ducked, fired over our heads one barrel at the foremost; whereupon this one dashed across the meadow and up a high bank. At the same instant the other, a young one, but as tall as a horse, leaped out into the stream in full sight, and there stood for a moment and uttered two or three trumpeting squeaks. The second barrel was leveled at the calf, and when we expected to see it drop,



A LOGGERS' CAMP



A COW MOOSE

after a little hesitation it, too, got out of the water, and dashed up the hill. From the style in which they went off, and the fact that our hunter was not used to standing up and firing from a canoe, I judged that we should not see anything more of them. The Indian said that they were a cow and her calf — a yearling, or perhaps two years old. It was but two or three rods across the meadow to the foot of the bank, which, like all the world thereabouts, was densely wooded; but as soon as the moose had passed beyond the veil of the woods there was no sound of footsteps to be heard from the soft, damp moss which carpets that forest, and long before we landed perfect silence reigned. Joe said, "If you wound 'em moose, me sure get 'em."

We all landed at once. My companion reloaded; the Indian fastened his birch, threw off his hat, adjusted his waistband, seized the hatchet, and set out. He told me afterward that before we landed he had seen a drop of blood on the bank when it was two or three rods off. He proceeded rapidly through the woods with a peculiar elastic and stealthy tread, looking to right and left on the ground, and stepping in the faint tracks of the wounded moose, now and then pointing in silence to a single drop of blood on the handsome shining leaves of the *Clintonia borealis*, which on every side covered the ground, or to a dry fern-stem freshly broken, all the while chewing some leaf or else the spruce gum. After following the trail about forty rods in a pretty direct course, stepping over fallen trees and winding between standing ones, he at length lost it, for there were many other moose-tracks there, and returning once more to the last blood-stain, traced it a little way and lost it again, and gave it up entirely. He traced a few steps,

also, the tracks of the calf ; but, seeing no blood, soon relinquished the search.

I observed, while he was tracking the moose, a certain reticence or moderation in him. He did not communicate several observations of interest which he made, as a white man would have done. At another time, when we heard a slight crackling of twigs and he landed to reconnoitre, he stepped lightly and gracefully, stealing through the bushes with the least possible noise, in a way in which no white man does — as it were, finding a place for his foot each time.

We pursued our voyage up Pine Stream, and soon coming to a part which was very shoal and also rapid, we took out the baggage and proceeded to carry it round, while Joe got up with the canoe alone. We were just completing our portage when Joe found the cow moose lying dead in the middle of the stream, which was so shallow that it rested on the bottom with hardly a third of its body above water. It had run about a hundred rods and sought the stream, cutting off a slight bend. No doubt a better hunter would have tracked it to this spot at once. My companion went in search of the calf again. I took hold of the ears of the moose, while Joe pushed his canoe down-stream toward a favorable shore, and so we made out, though with some difficulty, its long nose frequently sticking in the bottom, to drag it into still shallower water. It was a brownish black, or a dark iron-gray, on the back and sides, but lighter beneath and in front. The extreme length was eight feet and two inches. Another cow moose, which I have since measured in those woods, was six feet from the tip of the hoof to the shoulders, and eight feet long.

A white hunter told me that the male was sometimes nine feet high to the top of the back, and weighed a thousand pounds. Only the male has horns, and they rise two feet or more above the shoulders, which would make him in all, sometimes, eleven feet high!

The moose is singularly grotesque and awkward to look at. It reminded me of the camelopard, high before and low behind, and no wonder, for like it, it is fitted to browse on trees. The upper lip projected two inches beyond the lower for this purpose.

Joe proceeded to skin the moose with a pocket-knife; and a tragical business it was — to see the ghastly naked red carcass appearing from within its seemly robe. At length Joe had stripped off the hide and dragged it to the shore. He cut off a large mass of the meat to carry along, and another, together with the tongue and nose, he put with the hide on the shore to lie there all night, or till we returned. I was surprised that he thought of leaving this meat thus exposed by the side of the carcass, not fearing that any creature would touch it; but nothing did.

This stream was so withdrawn, and the moose-tracks were so fresh, that my companions, still bent on hunting, concluded to go farther up it and camp, and then hunt up or down at night. Half a mile above this, as we paddled along, Joe, hearing a slight rustling amid the alders and seeing something black, jumped up and whispered, "Bear!" but before the hunter had discharged his piece, he corrected himself to "Beaver! — Hedgehog!" The bullet killed a large hedgehog more than two feet and eight inches long. After about a mile of still water, we prepared our camp just at the foot of a considerable fall. Little chopping was done

that night, for fear of scaring the moose. We had moose-meat fried for supper. It tasted like tender beef, with perhaps more flavor.

After supper, the moon having risen, we proceeded to hunt a mile up this stream, first "carrying" about the falls. We launched the canoe from the ledge over which the stream fell, but after half a mile of still water suitable for hunting, it became rapid again, and we were compelled to make our way along the shore, while Joe endeavored to get up in the birch alone, though it was very difficult for him to pick his way amid the rocks in the night. We on the shore found the worst of walking, a perfect chaos of fallen and drifted trees, and of bushes projecting far over the water, and now and then we made our way across the mouth of a small tributary on a network of alders. So we went tumbling on in the dark, being on the shady side, effectually scaring all the moose and bears that might be thereabouts. At length we came to a standstill, and Joe went forward to reconnoitre; but he reported that it was a continuous rapid as far as he went, with no prospect of improvement. So we turned about, hunting back to the camp through the still water. I got sleepy as it grew late, and fairly lost myself in sleep several times; but all at once I would be aroused by the sound of Joe's birch horn in the midst of all this silence calling the moose, *ugh, ugh, oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo*, and I prepared to hear a furious moose come rushing and crashing through the forest, and see him burst out on to the little strip of meadow by our side.

But I had had enough of moose-hunting. I had been willing to learn how the Indian manœuvred; but one moose killed was as good, if not as bad, as a dozen.

The afternoon's tragedy, and my share in it, destroyed the pleasure of my adventure. I think that I could spend a year in the woods, fishing and hunting just enough to sustain myself, with satisfaction. This would be next to living like a philosopher on the fruits of the earth which you had raised. But this hunting of the moose merely for the satisfaction of killing him, — not even for the sake of his hide, — without making any extraordinary exertion or running any risk yourself, is too much like going out by night to some woodside pasture and shooting your neighbor's horses. These are God's own horses, poor, timid creatures, that will run fast enough as soon as they smell you, though they *are* nine feet high. Joe told us of some hunters who a year or two before had shot down several oxen by night, somewhere in the Maine woods, mistaking them for moose. And so might any of the hunters, and what is the difference in the sport, but the name? In the former case, having killed one of God's oxen, you strip off its hide, — because that is the common trophy, and, moreover, you have heard that it may be sold for moccasins, — cut a steak from its haunches, and leave the huge carcass to smell to heaven for you. It is no better than to assist at a slaughter-house.

This afternoon's experience suggested to me how base or coarse are the motives which commonly carry men into the wilderness. The explorers and lumberers generally are all hirelings, paid so much a day for their labor, and as such they have no more love for wild nature than wood-sawyers have for forests. Other white men and Indians who come here are for the most part hunters, whose object is to slay as many moose and other wild animals as possible. But could not

one spend some weeks or years in the solitude of this vast wilderness with other employments than these — employments perfectly sweet and innocent and ennobling? I already, and for weeks afterward, felt my nature the coarser for this part of my woodland experience, and was reminded that our life should be lived as tenderly and daintily as one would pluck a flower.

With these thoughts, when we reached our camping-ground, I decided to leave my companions to continue moose-hunting down the stream, while I prepared the camp, though they requested me not to chop much nor make a large fire, for fear I should scare their game. In the midst of the damp fir wood, high on the mossy bank, about nine o'clock of this bright moonlight night, I kindled a fire, when they were gone, and, sitting on the fir-twigs, within sound of the falls, wrote down some of the reflections which I have here expanded. As I sat there, I remembered how far on every hand that wilderness stretched, before you came to cleared or cultivated fields, and wondered if any bear or moose was watching the light of my fire.

Strange that so few ever come to the woods to see how the pine lives and grows and spires, lifting its evergreen arms to the light — to see its perfect success. Most are content to behold it in the shape of many broad boards brought to market, and deem that its true success. But the pine is no more lumber than man is; and to be made into boards and houses is no more its true and highest use than the truest use of a man is to be cut down and made into manure. Can he who has discovered only some of the values of whale-bone and whale-oil be said to have discovered the true

use of the whale? Can he who slays the elephant for his ivory be said to have "seen the elephant"? These are petty and accidental uses; just as if a stronger race were to kill us in order to make buttons and flageolets of our bones; for everything may serve a lower as well as a higher use. Every creature is better alive than dead, men and moose and pine-trees, and he who understands it aright will rather preserve its life than destroy it.

Is it the lumberman, then, who is the friend and lover of the pine, stands nearest to it, and understands its nature best? No! no! it is the poet; who does not fondle it with an axe, nor tickle it with a saw, nor stroke it with a plane, who knows whether its heart is false without cutting into it, who has not bought the stumpage of the township on which it stands. All the pines shudder and heave a sigh when *that* man steps on the forest floor. I have been into the lumber-yard, and the carpenter's shop, and the lampblack-factory, and the turpentine clearing; but when at length I saw the tops of the pines waving and reflecting the light at a distance high over all the rest of the forest, I realized that the former were not the highest use of the pine. It is not their bones or hide or tallow that I love most. It is the living spirit of the tree, not its spirit of turpentine, with which I sympathize and which heals my cuts.

Ere long the hunters returned, not having seen a moose, but bringing a quarter of the dead one, which, with ourselves, made quite a load for the canoe.

After breakfasting on moose-meat, we returned down Pine Stream on our way to Chesuncook Lake. Just below the mouth of this stream were the rapids

called Pine Stream Falls. Joe ran down alone while we walked over the portage, my companion collecting spruce gum for his friends at home, and I looking for flowers. Near the lake were islands, and a low, meadowy shore with scattered trees slanted over the water. There was considerable grass; and even a few cattle were pastured there.

On entering the lake we had a view of the mountains about Katahdin, like a cluster of blue fungi of rank growth, apparently twenty-five or thirty miles distant, their summits concealed by clouds. The clearing to which we were bound was reached by going round a low point. Chesuncook Lake is called eighteen miles long and three wide.

Ansell Smith's, the principal clearing about this lake, appeared to be quite a harbor for bateaux and canoes, and there was a small scow for hay. There were five other huts with small clearings on the opposite side of the lake. One of the Smiths told me that they came here to live four years before.

As we approached the log house, a dozen rods from the lake and considerably elevated above it, the projecting ends of the logs lapping over each other irregularly several feet at the corners gave it a very rich and picturesque look. It was a low building, about eighty feet long, with many large apartments. The walls were well clayed between the logs, which were large and round, except on the upper and under sides, and as visible inside as out, successive bulging cheeks gradually lessening upward. As for ornamentation, there were the lichens and mosses and fringes of bark. We certainly leave the handsomest paint and clapboards behind in the woods, when we strip off the

bark. For beauty, give me trees with the fur on. This house was designed and constructed with the freedom of stroke of a forester's axe, without other compass and square than Nature uses. Wherever the logs were cut off by a window or door,—that is, were not kept in place by alternate overlapping,—they were held one upon another by very large pins, driven in diagonally on each side and then cut off so as not to project beyond the bulge of the log, as if the logs clasped each other in their arms. These logs were posts, studs, boards, clapboards, laths, plaster, and nails, all in one. Where the citizen uses a mere sliver or board, the pioneer uses the whole trunk of a tree. The house had large stone chimneys, and was roofed with spruce-bark. One end was a loggers' camp, for the boarders, with the usual fir floor and log benches. Thus this house was but a slight departure from the hollow tree, which the bear still inhabits—being a hollow made with trees piled up, with a coating of bark like its original.

The cellar was a separate building, like an ice-house, and it answered for a refrigerator at this season, our moose-meat being kept there. There was a large barn, part of whose boards had been sawed by a whip-saw; and the saw-pit, with its great pile of dust, remained before the house.

There was also a blacksmith's shop, where plainly a good deal of work was done. The oxen and horses used in lumbering operations were shod, and all the iron-work of sleds, etc., was repaired or made here.

Smith owned two miles down the lake by half a mile in width. There were about one hundred acres cleared. He cut seventy tons of hay this year on this

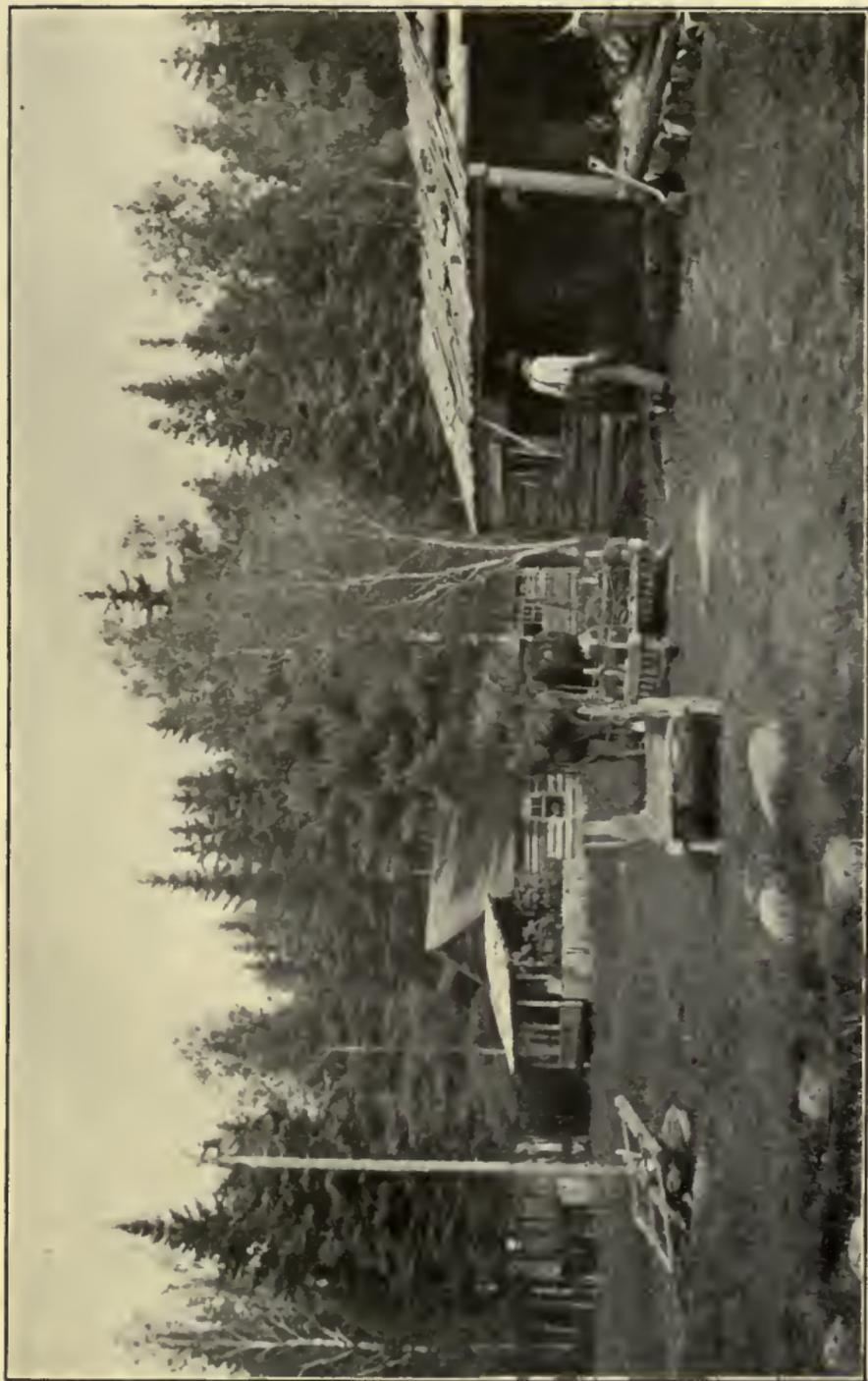
ground, and twenty more on another clearing, and he uses it all himself in lumbering operations. There was a large garden full of roots, — turnips, beets, carrots, potatoes, etc. They said that they were worth as much here as in New York.

There was the usual long-handled axe of the primitive woods by the door, and a large, shaggy dog, whose nose, report said, was full of porcupine quills. I can testify that he looked very sober. This is the usual fortune of pioneer dogs, for they have to face the brunt of the battle for their race. If he should invite one of his town friends up this way, suggesting moose-meat and unlimited freedom, the latter might pertinently inquire, “What is that sticking in your nose?” When a generation or two have used up all the enemies’ darts, their successors lead a comparatively easy life. No doubt our town dogs still talk, in a snuffling way, about the days that tried dogs’ noses.

How they got a cat up there I do not know, for they are as shy as my aunt about entering a canoe. I wondered that she did not run up a tree on the way; but perhaps she was bewildered by the very crowd of opportunities.

Twenty or thirty lumberers, Yankee and Canadian, were coming and going, and from time to time an Indian touched here. In the winter there are sometimes a hundred men lodged here at once.

The white pine tree was at the bottom or farther end of all this. It is a war against the pines. I have no doubt that they lived pretty much the same sort of life in the Homeric age, for men have always thought more of eating than of fighting. Then, as now, their minds ran chiefly on the “hot bread and sweet cakes”;



A BACKWOODS FARM

and the fur and lumber trade is an old story to Asia and Europe. I doubt if men ever made a trade of heroism.

After a dinner at which apple-sauce was the greatest luxury to me, but our moose-meat was oftenest called for by the lumberers, I walked across the clearing into the forest, southward, returning along the shore. For my dessert, I helped myself to a large slice of the Chesuncook woods, and took a hearty draught of its waters with all my senses. The shore was of coarse, flat, slate rocks, often in slabs, with the surf beating on it. They said that in winter the snow was three feet deep on a level here — that the ice on the lake was two feet thick clear, and four feet including the snow-ice. We lodged here Sunday night in a comfortable bedroom.

The sight of one of these frontier houses built of great logs, whose inhabitants have unflinchingly maintained their ground many summers and winters in the wilderness, reminds me of famous forts, like Ticonderoga or Crown Point, which have sustained memorable sieges. They are especially winter-quarters, and at this season this one had a partially deserted look, as if the siege were raised a little, the snow-banks being melted from before it, and its garrison accordingly reduced. I think of their daily food as rations; a Bible and a greatcoat are munitions of war, and a single man seen about the premises is a sentinel on duty.

Early the next morning we started on our return up the Penobscot. Our host allowed us something for the quarter of the moose which we had brought, and which he was glad to get. Two explorers from Chamberlain

Lake started at the same time that we did. Red flannel shirts should be worn in the woods, if only for the fine contrast which this color makes with the evergreens and the water. Thus I thought when I saw the forms of the explorers in their birch, poling up the rapids before us, far off against the forest. We stopped to dine at Ragmuff. My companion wandered up the stream to look for moose while Joe went to sleep on the bank, and I improved the opportunity to botanize and bathe. Soon after starting again, while Joe was gone back in the canoe for the frying-pan, which had been left, we picked a couple of quarts of tree-cranberries for a sauce.

I was surprised by Joe's asking me how far it was to the Moosehorn. He was pretty well acquainted with this stream, but he had noticed that I was curious about distances and had several maps. He, and Indians generally with whom I have talked, are not able to describe dimensions or distances in our measures with any accuracy. He could tell, perhaps, at what time we should arrive, but not how far it was. We saw a few wood ducks, sheldrakes, and black ducks. We also heard the note of one fish hawk, and soon after saw him perched near the top of a dead white pine, while a company of peewees were twittering and teetering about over the carcass of a moose on a low sandy spit just beneath. We drove the fish hawk from perch to perch, each time eliciting a scream or whistle, for many miles before us. Our course being up-stream, we were obliged to work much harder than before, and had frequent use for a pole. Sometimes all three of us paddled together, standing up. About six miles from Moosehead, we began to see the mountains east of the

north end of the lake, and at four o'clock we reached the carry.

Three Indians were encamped here, including the St. Francis Indian who had come in the steamer with us. One of the others was called Sabattis.¹ Joe and the St. Francis Indian were plainly clear Indian, the other two apparently mixed Indian and white. We here cooked the tongue of the moose for supper — having left the nose, which is esteemed the choicest part, at Chesuncook, it being a good deal of trouble to prepare it. We also stewed our tree-cranberries, sweetening them with sugar. This sauce was very grateful to us who had been confined to hard-bread, pork, and moose-meat.

While we were getting supper, Joe commenced curing the moose-hide, on which I had sat a good part of the voyage, he having already cut most of the hair off with his knife. He set up two stout forked poles on the bank, seven or eight feet high, and as much asunder, and having cut slits eight or ten inches long, and the same distance apart, close to the edge, on the sides of the hide, he threaded poles through them, and then, placing one of the poles on the forked stakes, tied the other down tightly at the bottom. The two ends were tied with cedar-bark to the upright poles, through small holes at short intervals. The hide, thus stretched and slanted a little to the north, to expose its flesh side to the sun, measured eight feet long by six high.

We decided to stop here, my companion intending to hunt down the stream at night. The Indians invited us to lodge with them, but my companion inclined to go to the log-camp on the carry. This camp was close

¹ Sá-băt'is.

and dirty, and had an ill smell, and I preferred to accept the Indians' offer, if we did not make a camp for ourselves; for though they were dirty too, they were more in the open air and were much more agreeable, and even refined, company than the lumberers. The most interesting question at the lumberers' camp was, which man could "handle" any other on the carry. So we went to the Indians' camp or wigwam.

It was rather windy, and therefore Joe concluded to hunt after midnight if the wind went down. The two mixed-bloods, however, went off up the river for moose at dark. This Indian camp was a slight, patched-up affair, which had stood there several weeks, built shed-fashion, open to the fire on the west. If the wind changed, they could turn it round. It was formed by two forked stakes and a cross-bar, with rafters slanted from this to the ground. The covering was partly an old sail, partly birch-bark securely tied on, and coming down to the ground on the sides. A large log was rolled up at the back, and two or three moose-hides were spread on the ground with the hair up. Various articles of their wardrobe were tucked around the sides and corners, or under the roof. They were smoking moose-meat in front of the camp over the usual large fire. Two stout forked stakes, four or five feet apart and five feet high, were driven into the ground at each end, and then two poles ten feet long were stretched across over the fire, and smaller ones laid on these a foot apart. On the last hung large, thin slices of moose-meat smoking and drying, a space being left open over the centre of the fire. They said that it took three or four days to cure this meat, and it would keep a year or more. Refuse pieces lay about on the ground in differ-

ent stages of decay, and some pieces also in the fire, half buried and sizzling in the ashes, as black and dirty as an old shoe. These last I at first thought were thrown away, but afterwards found that they were being cooked. A tremendous rib-piece was roasting before the fire, being impaled on an upright stake forced in and out between the ribs. There was a moose-hide stretched and curing on poles, and quite a pile of cured skins close by. They had killed twenty-two moose within two months, but, as they could use very little of the meat, they left the carcasses on the ground. Altogether it was about as savage a sight as was ever witnessed. There were many torches of birch-bark, shaped like straight tin horns, lying ready for use on a stump outside.

For fear of dirt we spread our blankets over their hides so as not to touch them anywhere. The St. Francis Indian and Joe alone were there at first, and we lay on our backs talking with them till midnight. They were very sociable, and, when they did not talk with us, kept up a steady chatting in their own language.

While lying there listening to the Indians, I amused myself with trying to guess at their subject by their gestures, or some proper name introduced. It was a purely wild and primitive American sound and I could not understand a syllable of it. These were the sounds that issued from the wigwams of this country before Columbus was born. I felt that I stood, or rather lay, as near to the primitive man of America that night as any of its discoverers ever did.

Meanwhile, Joe was making and trying his horn, to be ready for hunting after midnight. The St. Francis

Indian also amused himself with sounding it, or rather calling through it; for the sound is made with the voice, and not by blowing through the horn. The latter appeared to be a speculator in moose-hides. He bought my companion's for two dollars and a quarter, green. Its chief use is for moccasins. One or two of these Indians wore them. The St. Francis Indian could write his name very well, Tahmunt Swasen.

I asked Sabattis, after he came home, if the moose never attacked him. He answered that you must not fire many times, so as to mad him. "I fire once and hit him in the right place, and in the morning I find him. He won't go far. But if you keep firing, you mad him. I fired once five bullets, every one through the heart, and he did not mind 'em at all; it only made him more mad."

I asked him if they did not hunt them with dogs. He said that they did so in winter, but never in the summer, for then it was of no use; they would run right off straight and swiftly a hundred miles.

Another Indian said that the moose, once scared, would run all day. A dog will hang to their lips and be carried along till he is swung against a tree and drops off. They cannot run on a "glaze," though they can run in snow four feet deep; but the caribou can run on ice. They commonly find two or three moose together. They cover themselves with water, all but their noses, to escape flies. An Indian, whom I met after this at Oldtown, told me that the moose were very easily tamed, and would come back when once fed, and so would deer. The Indians of this neighborhood are about as familiar with the moose as we are with the ox, having associated with them for so many generations.

There were none of the small deer up there ; they are more common about the settlements. One ran into the city of Bangor two years before, and jumped through a window of costly plate glass, and then into a mirror, where it thought it recognized one of its kind, and out again, and so on, leaping over the heads of the crowd, until it was captured. This the inhabitants speak of as the deer that went a-shopping.

I had put the ears of our moose, which were ten inches long, to dry with the moose-meat over the fire, wishing to preserve them ; but Sabattis told me that I must skin and cure them, else the hair would all come off. I asked him how he got fire, and he produced a little box of friction matches. He also had flints and steel and some punk. " But suppose you upset, and all these and your powder get wet." " Then," said he, " we wait till we get to where there is some fire." I produced from my pocket a little vial containing matches, stoppered water-tight, and told him that though we were upset, we should still have some dry matches, at which he stared without saying a word.

Late at night the other two Indians came home from moose-hunting, not having been successful, aroused the fire, lighted their pipes, smoked awhile, took something strong to drink, ate some moose-meat, and, finding what room they could, lay down on the moose-hides ; and thus we passed the night, two white men and four Indians side by side.

When I awoke in the morning the weather was drizzling. One of the Indians was lying outside, rolled in his blanket, on the opposite side of the fire, for want of room. Joe had neglected to awake my companion and he had done no hunting that night. The Indians baked

a loaf of flour bread in a spider on its edge before the fire for their breakfast; and while my companion was making tea, I caught a dozen sizable fishes in the Penobscot. After we had breakfasted by ourselves, one of our bedfellows, who had also breakfasted, came along, and, being invited, took a cup of tea, and finally, taking up the common platter, licked it clean.

The rain prevented our continuing any longer in the woods; so, giving some of our provisions and utensils to the Indians, we took leave of them. This being the steamer's day, I set out for the lake at once.

I walked over the carry alone and waited at the head of the lake. I noticed at the landing, when the steamer came in, one of our bedfellows, who had been moose-hunting the night before, now very sprucely dressed in a clean white shirt and fine black pants, a true Indian dandy, who had evidently come over the carry to show himself to any arriviers on the north shore of Moosehead Lake.

Midway the lake we took on board two middle-aged men, with their bateau, who had been exploring for six weeks as far as the Canada line. I talked with one of them, telling him that I had come all this distance partly to see where the white pine, the Eastern stuff of which our houses are built, grew, but that I had found it a scarce tree; and I asked him where I must look for it. With a smile he answered that he could hardly tell me. However, he said that he had found enough to employ two teams the next winter. What was considered a "tip-top" tree now was not looked at twenty years ago, when he first went into the business.

One connected with lumbering operations at Bangor told me that the largest pine belonging to his firm,

cut the previous winter, "scaled" in the woods four thousand five hundred feet, and was worth ninety dollars in the log at the boom in Oldtown. They cut a road three and a half miles long for this tree alone.

We reached Monson that night, and the following day rode to Bangor. The next forenoon we went to Oldtown. A Catholic priest crossed to the island in the same bateau with us. The Indian houses are framed, mostly of one story, and in rows one behind another at the south end of the island, with a few scattered ones. I counted about forty, not including the church and what my companion called the council-house. The last was regularly framed and shingled like the rest. There were several of two stories, quite neat, with front yards inclosed, and one at least had green blinds. Here and there were moose-hides stretched and drying about them. There were no cart-paths, nor tracks of horses, but footpaths; very little land cultivated, but an abundance of weeds, indigenous and naturalized; more introduced weeds than useful vegetables, as the Indian is said to cultivate the vices rather than the virtues of the white man. Yet this village was cleaner than I expected. The children were not particularly ragged nor dirty. The little boys met us with bow in hand and arrow on string and cried, "Put up a cent." Verily the Indian has but a feeble hold on his bow now, but the curiosity of the white man is insatiable, and from the first he has been eager to witness this forest accomplishment. Alas for the Hunter Race! the white man has driven off their game, and substituted a cent in its place. I saw an Indian woman washing at the water's edge. She stood on a rock, and after dipping the clothes in the stream,

laid them on the rock, and beat them with a short club. The graveyard was crowded with graves and overrun with weeds.

We called on Governor Neptune, who lived in a little "ten-footer," one of the humblest of them all. When we entered the room, which was one half of the house, he was sitting on the side of the bed. There was a clock hanging in one corner. He had on a black frock coat, and black pants, much worn, white cotton shirt, socks, a red silk handkerchief about his neck, and a straw hat. His black hair was only slightly grayed. He was no darker than many old white men. He told me that he was eighty-nine; but he was going moose-hunting that fall, as he had been the previous one. Probably his companions did the hunting. We saw various squaws dodging about. One sat on the bed by his side and helped him out with his stories. They were remarkably corpulent, with smooth, round faces, apparently full of good-humor. While we were there, one went over to Oldtown, returned, and cut out a dress, which she had bought, on another bed in the room. The Governor said that he could remember when the moose were much larger; that they did not use to be in the woods, but came out of the water, as all deer did. "Moose was whale once. Away down Merrimac way, a whale came ashore in a shallow bay. Sea went out and left him, and he came up on land a moose."

But we talked mostly with the Governor's son-in-law; and the Governor, being so old and deaf, permitted himself to be ignored while we asked questions about him. The former said that there were two political parties among them — one in favor of schools and

the other opposed to them. The first had just prevailed at the election and sent their man to the legislature. Neptune and Aitteon and he himself were in favor of schools. He said, "If Indians got learning, they would keep their money."

A very small black puppy rushed into the room and made at the Governor's feet, as he sat in his stockings with his legs dangling from the bedside. The Governor rubbed his hands and dared him to come on, entering into the sport with spirit.

An Indian was making canoes behind a house and I made a faithful study of canoe-building. I thought that I should like to serve an apprenticeship at that trade for one season, going into the woods for bark with my "boss," making the canoe there, and returning in it at last.

While the bateau was coming over to take us off, I picked up some fragments of arrowheads on the shore, and one broken stone chisel, which were greater novelties to the Indians than to me. The Indians on the island appeared to live quite happily and to be well treated by the inhabitants of Oldtown.

We visited Veazie's mills, just below the island, where were sixteen sets of saws. On one side they were hauling the logs up an inclined plane by water-power; on the other, passing out the boards, planks, and sawed timber, and forming them into rafts. I was surprised to find a boy collecting the long edgings of boards as fast as cut off, and thrusting them down a hopper, where they were *ground up* beneath the mill, that they might be out of the way; otherwise they accumulate in vast piles by the side of the building, increasing the danger from fire, or, floating off, they

obstruct the river. This was not only a sawmill, but a gristmill, then. The inhabitants of Oldtown and Bangor cannot suffer for want of kindling stuff, surely. Some get their living exclusively by picking up the driftwood and selling it by the cord in the winter. In one place I saw where an Irishman, who keeps a team and a man for the purpose, had covered the shore for a long distance with regular piles, and I was told that he had sold twelve hundred dollars' worth in a year. Another, who lived by the shore, told me that he got all the material of his out-buildings and fences from the river; and in that neighborhood I perceived that this refuse wood was frequently used instead of sand to fill hollows with, being apparently cheaper than dirt.

No one has yet described for me the difference between that wild forest which once occupied our oldest townships and the tame one which I find there to-day. The civilized man not only clears the land permanently to a great extent, and cultivates open fields, but he tames and cultivates to a certain extent the forest itself. By his mere presence, almost, he changes the nature of the trees as no other creature does. The sun and air, and perhaps fire, have been introduced. It has lost its wild, damp, and shaggy look; the countless fallen and decaying trees are gone, and consequently that thick coat of moss which lived on them is gone too. The earth is comparatively bare and smooth and dry. The most primitive places left with us are the swamps. The surface of the ground in the Maine woods is everywhere spongy and saturated with moisture. I noticed that the plants which cover the forest floor there are such as are commonly confined to swamps with us — orchises, creeping snowberry, and others.

The greater part of New Brunswick, the northern half of Maine, and adjacent parts of Canada, not to mention the northeastern part of New York and other tracts farther off, are still covered with an almost unbroken pine forest. But a good part of Maine is already bare and commonplace. We seem to think that the earth must go through the ordeal of sheep-pasturage before it is habitable by man. Every sizable pine and oak, or other forest tree, cut down within the memory of man! As if individual speculators were to be allowed to export the clouds out of the sky, or the stars out of the firmament, one by one. We shall be reduced to gnaw the very crust of the earth for nutriment.

At this rate, we shall all be obliged to let our beards grow, if only to hide the nakedness of the land and make a sylvan appearance. The farmer sometimes talks of "brushing up," as if bare ground looked better than that which wears its natural vesture — as if the wild hedges, which perhaps are more to his children than his whole farm besides, were *dirt*. I know of one who deserves to be called the Tree-hater. You would think that he had been warned by an oracle that he would be killed by the fall of a tree, and so was resolved to anticipate them. The journalists think that they cannot say too much in favor of such "improvements" in husbandry; but these "model farms" are commonly places merely where somebody is making money.

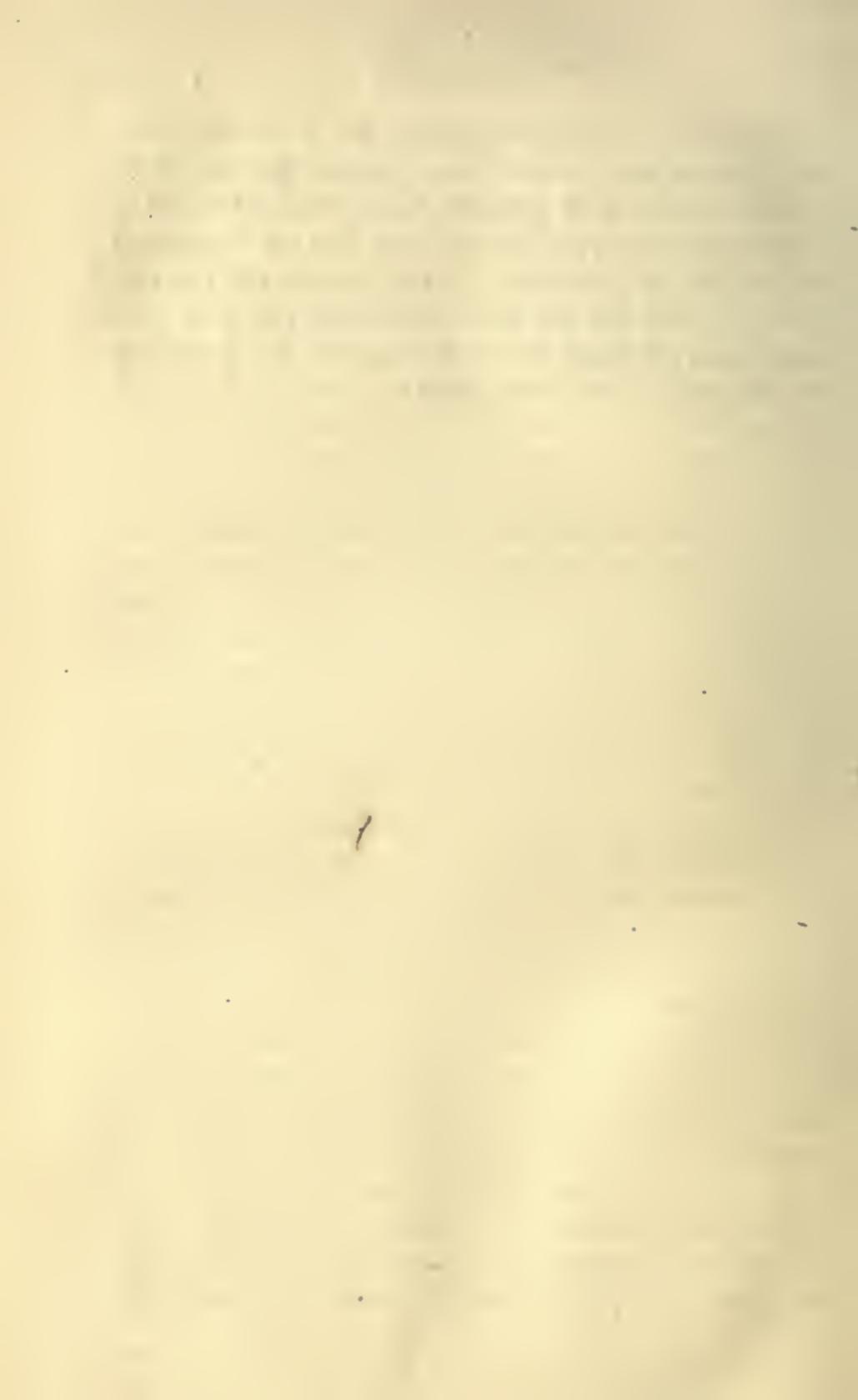
Nevertheless, it was a relief to get back to our smooth, but still varied landscape. For a permanent residence, it seemed to me that there could be no comparison between this and the wilderness, necessary

as the latter is for a resource and a background, the raw material of all our civilization. The wilderness is simple, almost to barrenness. The partially cultivated country it is which chiefly has inspired, and will continue to inspire, the strains of poets. Perhaps our own woods and fields, with the primitive swamps scattered here and there in their midst, but not prevailing over them, are the perfection of parks and groves, gardens, arbors, paths, vistas, and landscapes. They are the natural consequence of what art and refinement we as a people have—the common which each village possesses, its true paradise, in comparison with which all elaborately and willfully wealth-constructed parks and gardens are paltry imitations. The poet's, commonly, is not a logger's path, but a woodman's. The logger and pioneer have preceded him, like John the Baptist; eaten the wild honey, it may be, but the locusts also; banished decaying wood and the spongy mosses which feed on it, and built hearths and humanized Nature for him.

But there are spirits of a yet more liberal culture, to whom no simplicity is barren. There are not only stately pines, but fragile flowers, like the orchises, commonly described as too delicate for cultivation, which derive their nutriment from the crudest mass of peat. These remind us that, not only for strength but for beauty, the poet must from time to time travel the logger's path and the Indian's trail, to drink at some new and more bracing fountain of the Muses, far in the recesses of the wilderness.

The kings of England formerly had their forests "to hold the king's game," for sport or food, sometimes destroying villages to create or extend them; and

I think that they were impelled by a true instinct. Why should not we have our national preserves, in which the bear and panther, and some even of the hunter race, may still exist, and not be "civilized off the face of the earth," — our forests, not for idle sport or food, but for inspiration and our own true recreation? or shall we grub them all up, poaching on our own national domains?



PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF INDIAN NAMES

Aboljacarmegus ; ā-bōl-jāk-ā-mē'gūs.

Aboljacknagesic ; ā-bōl-jāk-nā-gēss'īk.

These two words are now usually abbreviated to Abol (ā'bōl).

Ambejjis ; ām-bē-jē'jis.

Androscoggin ; ān-drō-skōg'īn.

Aroostook ; ā-rōōs'tōōk.

Chesuncook ; Chē-sūn'kōōk.

Katahdin, Kā-tah'din.

Katepskonegan ; Kā-tēp-skō-nē'gān ; now commonly called Debsco
neag (dēb-skō-nēg').

Kennebec ; Kēn-ē-bēk'.

Kineo ; kīn'ē-ō.

Mattawamkeag ; māt-ā-wām'kōg.

Millinocket ; mīl-ī-nōk'ēt.

Molunkus ; mō-lunk'ūs.

Pamadumcook ; pām-ā-dūm'kōōk.

Passamagamet ; pās-ā-mā-gām'ēt.

Passamaquoddy ; pās-ā-mā-kwōd'i.

Penobscot ; pē-nōb'skōt.

Pockwockonus ; pōk-wōk'ō-mūs.

Quakish ; kwā'kīsh.

Sabattis ; sā-bāt'īs.

Sowadnehunk ; sou-ād-nē-hūnk'.

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